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THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

Translated by
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

V O L. VI.

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque, puer ———*

HOR.

L O N D O N :
Printed for HENRY LINTOT.
M.DCC.LVI.





THE
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.





THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of *Hector*.

THE Trojans being safe within the walls, *Hector* only stays to oppose *Achilles*. *Priam* is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. *Hecuba* joins her intreaties, but in vain. *Hector* consults within himself what measures to take; but at the advance of *Achilles*, his resolution fails him, and he flies; *Achilles* pursues him thrice round the walls of *Troy*. The Gods debate concerning the fate of *Hector*; at length *Minerva* descends to the aid of *Achilles*. She deludes *Hector* in the shape of *Deiphobus*; he stands the combat, and is slain. *Achilles* drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of *Priam* and *Hecuba*. Their lamentations, tears and despair. Their cries reach the ears of *Andromache*, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: She mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of *Troy*.



Achilles, being Sav'd from the Waters of Xanthus, & having Slain the unfortunate Hector inhumanly ties him to his Chariot & drags him in that manner in View of the Trojans.



III/ A



THE
* TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panick fear,
The herded *Ilians* rush like driven deer ;
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.

* It is impossible but the whole attention of the reader must be awakened in this book: The heroes of the two armies are now to encounter; all the foregoing battels have been but so many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event, wherein the whole fate of *Greece* and *Troy* is to be decided by the sword of *Achilles* and *Hector*.

This is the book, which of the whole *Iliad* appears to me the most charming. It assembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other: *Terror* and *Pity* are here wrought up in perfection; and if the reader is not sensible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all taste, or the translator of all skill, in poetry.

6 *HOMER'S ILIAD.* Book XXII.

Cloſe to the walls advancing o'er the fields, 5
 Beneath one roof of well-compacted ſhields,
 March, bending on, the *Greeks* embody'd pow'rs,
 Far-ſtretching in the ſhade of *Trojan* tow'rs.
 Great *Hector* ſingly ſtay'd; chain'd down by fate,
 There fix'd he ſtood before the *Scæan* gate; 10
 Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
 The Guardian ſtill of long-defended *Troy*.

Apollo now to tir'd *Achilles* turns;
 (The pow'r conſeſt in all his glory burns)
 And what (he cries) has *Peleus'* ſon in view, 15
 With mortal ſpeed a Godhead to purſue?
 For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,
 Unſkill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
 What boots thee now, that *Troy* forſook the plain?
 Vain thy paſt labour, and thy preſent vain: 20
 Safe in their walls are now her troops beſtow'd,
 While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of day!
 To check my conqueſts in the middle way:
 How few in *Ilion* elſe had refuge ſound; 25
 What gasping numbers now haſt bit the ground?
 Thou robb'ſt me of a glory juſtly mine,
 Pow'rful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
 Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly ſtrain,
 To cheat a mortal who repines in vain. 30

Then

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 7

Then to the city terrible and strong,
 With high and haughty steps he towr'd along.
 So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
 To the near goal with double ardour flies.
 Him, as he blazing shot across the field, 35
 The careful eyes of *Priam* first beheld.
 Not half so dreadful rises to the fight
 Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night
Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs)
 And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays; 40
 Terrific glory! for his burning breath
 Taints the red air, with fevers, plagues, and death.
 So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
 He strikes his rev'rend head now white with age:
 He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies; 45
 He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;

V. 37. *Not half so dreadful rises, &c.*] With how much dreadful pomp is *Achilles* here introduced! How noble, and in what bold colours hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the rapidity of his advance, the terror of his appearance, the desolation round him; but above all, the certain death attending all his motions and his very looks; what a croud of terrible ideas in this one simile!

But immediately after this, follows the moving image of the two aged parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their son: That is succeeded again by the dreadful gloomy picture of *Hector*, all on fire, obstinately bent on death, and expecting *Achilles*; admirably painted in the simile of the snake rolled up in his den, and collecting his poisons: And indeed, through the whole book, this wonderful contrast, and opposition of the *Gloomy* and of the *Terrible*, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other: I can't find words to express how so great beauties affect me.

8 HOMER'S *ILIAD*. BOOK XXII.

The son, resolv'd *Achilles'* force to dare,
 Full at the *Scæan* gates expects the war:
 While the sad father on the rampart stands,
 And thus adjures him with extended hands. 50
 Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest bravest son!
 Methinks already I behold thee slain,
 And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
 Implacable *Achilles!* might'st thou be 55
 To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
 Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
 How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
 Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd: 60
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
 To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.

V. 51. *The speech of Priam to Hector.*] The Poet has entertained us all along with various scenes of slaughter and horror: He now changes to the pathetick, and fills the mind of the reader with tender sorrows. *Eusebius* observes that *Priam* preludes to his words by actions expressive of misery: The unhappy orator introduces his speech to *Hector* with groans and tears, and rending his hoary hair. The Father and the King plead with *Hector* to preserve his life and his country. He represents his own age, and the loss of many of his children; and adds, that if *Hector* falls, he should then be inconsolable, and the empire of *Troy* at an end.

It is a piece of great judgment in *Homer*, to make the fall of *Troy* to depend upon the death of *Hector*: The Poet does not openly tell us, that *Troy* was taken by the *Greeks*; but that the reader might not be unacquainted with what happened after the period of his poem, he gives us to understand in this speech, that the city was taken, and that *Priam*, his wives, his sons, and daughters, were either killed or made slaves.

Two,

Book XXII. HOMER's *ILIAD*.

9

Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
 Two from one mother sprung, my *Polydore*,
 And lov'd *Lycaon*; now perhaps no more!
 Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
 What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give?
 (Their grandfire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
 Consign'd his daughter with *Lelegia*'s throne):
 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost,
 All pale they wander on the *Stygian* coast;
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
 What anguish I? unutterable woe!
 Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
 Less to all *Troy*, if not depriv'd of thee.
 Yet shun *Achilles*! enter yet the wall;
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
 Save thy dear life; or if a soul so brave
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
 Yet curst with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)

65 }

70

75

80

V. 76. *Enter yet the wall, And spare, &c.*] The argument that *Priam* uses (says *Eusebius*) to induce *Hector* to secure himself in *Troy* is remarkable: He draws it not from *Hector*'s fears, nor does he tell him that he is to save his own life: but he insists upon stronger motives: He tells him he may preserve his fellow-citizens, his country, and his father; and farther persuades him not to add glory to his mortal enemy by his fall.

10 HOMER'S ILLIAD. BOOK XXII.

Great *Jove* has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain: 85
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
 And number all his days by miseries!
 My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor; 90
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
 Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry Fate
 The last sad reliick of my ruin'd state,
 (Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness!) must fall,
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall; 95
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
 Yet for my sons I thank ye Gods! 'twas well;
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
 Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the best, 100
 Struck thro' with wounds all honest on the breast.
 But when the Fates, in fullness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,

In

V. 90. *My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor.* Cruelties which the *Barbarians* usually exercised in the sacking of towns. Thus *Isaiah* foretells to *Babylon* that her children shall be dashed in pieces before her eyes by the *Medes*. *Infantes eorum allidentur in oculis eorum*, xii. 16. And *David* says to the same city, *happy shall be he that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones*. *Psal.* cxxxvii. 9. And in the prophet *Hosea*, xiii. 16. *Their infants shall be dashed in pieces*. *Dacier*.

V. 102. *But when the Fates, &c.*] Nothing can be more moving than the image which *Homer* gives here, in comparing the different effects

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 11

In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life blood scarcely warm! 105

This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!

He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.

With him the mournful mother bears a part; 110
Yet all their sorrows turn not *Hector's* heart:

• The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said.

Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r! 115

IF

effects produced by the view of a young man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the dust. The old man, 'tis certain touches us most, and several reasons may be given for it; the principal is, that the young man defended himself, and his death is glorious; whereas an old man has no defence but his weakness, prayers and tears. They must be very insensible of what is dreadful, and have no taste in poetry, who omit this passage in a translation, and substitute things of a trivial and insipid nature. *Dacier*.

V. 114. *The speech of Hecuba.*] The speech of *Hecuba* opens with as much tenderness as that of *Priam*: The circumstance in particular of her shewing that breast to her son which had sustained his infancy, is highly moving: It is a silent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to listen, by prepossessing the eye in favour of the speaker.

Eustathius takes notice of the difference between the speeches of *Priam* and *Hecuba*: *Priam* dissuades him from the combat, by enumerating not only the loss of his own family, but of his whole country: *Hecuba* dwells entirely upon his single death; this is a great beauty in the poet, to make *Priam* a father to his whole country; but to describe the fondness of the mother as prevailing over all other considerations, and to mention that only which chiefly affects her.

This puts me in mind of a judicious stroke in *Milton*, with regard to the several characters of *Adam* and *Eve*. When the Angel is driving

12 *HOMER'S ILIAD.* BOOK XXII.

If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
 Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,
 But by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed, 120
 Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it!) should'st thou bleed,
 Nor must thy corps lie honour'd on the bier,
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains. 125

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
 But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul:
 Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.
 So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake 130
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
 When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
 Have gathered half the poisons of the plains;
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 And his red eye-balls glare with living fire. 135
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind.

driving them both out of paradise, *Adam* grieves that he must leave a place where he had conversed with God and his angels; but *Eve* laments that she shall never more behold the flowers of *Eden*. Here *Adam* mourns like a man, and *Eve* like a woman.

Where

Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
 Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:
 Shall proud *Polydamas* before the gate 140
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,

V. 138. *The Soliloquy of Hector.*] There is much greatness in the sentiments of this whole Soliloquy. *Hector* prefers death to an ignominious life: He knows how to die with glory, but not how to live with dishonour. The reproach of *Polydamas* affects him; the scandals of the meanest people have an influence on his thoughts.

'Tis remarkable that he does not say, he fears the insults of the braver *Trojans*, but of the most worthless only. Men of merit are always the most candid; but others are ever for bringing all men to a level with themselves. They cannot bear that any one should be so bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the least miscarriage. This sentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and sensible mind.

There is a very beautiful break in the middle of this speech. *Hector's* mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a council in his own breast, and consulting what method to pursue: He doubts if he should not propose terms of peace to *Achilles*, and grants him very large concessions; but of a sudden he checks himself, and leaves the sentence unfinished. The paragraph runs thus; "If, says *Hector*, I should offer him the largest conditions, give all that *Troy* contains"——There he stops, and immediately subjoins, "But why do I delude myself, &c."

'Tis evident from this speech, that the power of making peace was in *Hector's* hands: For unless *Priam* had transferred it to him, he could not have made these propositions. So that it was *Hector* who broke the treaty in the third book (where the very same conditions were proposed by *Agamemnon*.) 'Tis *Hector* therefore that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing the war, and involving the *Greeks* and *Trojans* in blood. This conduct in *Homer* was necessary; he observes a poetical justice, and shews that *Hector* is a criminal, before he brings him to death. *Eustathius*.

V. 140. *Shall proud Polydamas, &c.*] *Hector* alludes to the counsel given him by *Polydamas* in the eighteenth book, which he then neglected to follow: It was to withdraw to the city, and fortify themselves there, before *Achilles* returned to the battle.

Which

14 HOMER'S *ILIAD*. BOOK XXII.

Which timely follow'd but the former night,
 What numbers had been sav'd by *Hector's* flight?
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,
 I feel my folly in my people slain. 145
 Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
 But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
 No———if I e'er return, return I must 150
 Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust;
 Or if I perish, let her see me fall
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
 And yet suppose those measures I forego,
 Approach unarm'd, and parly with the foe, 155
 The warrior-shield, the helm! and lance lay down,
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
 The wife with-held the treasure ill-detain'd,
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
 With honourable justice to restore; 160
 And add half *Ilium's* yet remaining store,
 Which *Troy* shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd *Greece*
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
 But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, 165
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?

We

We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain ;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk; 170

V. 167. *We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain, &c.* }

The words literally are these, "*There is no talking with Achilles, αὐτὸ δρυὸς ἢ δ' αὐτὸ πέτρης, from an oak, or from a rock, [or about an oak or a rock] as a young man and a maiden talk together.*" It is thought an obscure passage, though I confess I am either too fond of my own explication in the above cited verses, or they make it a very clear one. "There is no conversing with this implacable enemy in the rage of battle; as when sauntering people talk at leisure to one another on the road, or when young men and women meet in a field." I think the exposition of *Eustathius* more far-fetched, though it be ingenious; and therefore I must do him the justice not to suppress it. It was a common practice, says he, with the heathens, to expose such children as they either could not, or would not educate: The places where they deposited them, were usually in the cavities of rocks, or the hollow of oaks: These children being frequently found and preserv'd by strangers, were said to be the offspring of those oaks or rocks where they were found. This gave occasion to the poets to feign that men were born of oaks, and there was a famous fable too of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*'s repairing mankind by casting stones behind them: It grew at last into a proverb, to signify idle tales; so that in the present passage it imports, that *Achilles will not listen to such idle tales as may pass with silly maids and fond lovers.* For fables and stories (and particularly such stories as the preservation, strange fortune, and adventures of exposed children) are the usual conversation of young men and maidens. *Eustathius*'s explanation may be corroborated by a parallel place in the *Odyssey*; where the poet says,

Οὐ γὰρ αὐτὸ δρυὸς ἴσας κατακρίσσω, ἢ δ' αὐτὸ πέτρης.

The meaning of which passage is plainly this, *Tell me of what race you are, for undoubtedly you had a father and mother; you are not according to the old story, descended from an oak or a rock.* Where the word *κατακρίσσω* shows that this was become an ancient proverb even in *Homer*'s days.

War

16 HOMER's ILIAD. BOOK XXII.

War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
To die, or triumph, that, determine heav'n!

Thus pond'ring, like a God the *Greek* drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The *Pelian* jav'lin in his better hand, 175
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendours shone
Like *Jove's* own lightning, or the rising sun.
As *Hector* sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies. 180
He

V. 180. *Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies.*] I doubt not most readers are shocked at the flight of *Hector*: It is indeed a high exaltation of *Achilles* (which was the poet's chief hero) that so brave a man as *Hector* durst not stand him. While *Achilles* was at a distance he had fortified his heart with noble resolutions, but at his approach they all vanish, and he flies. This (as exceptionable as some may think it) may yet be allowed to be a true portrait of human nature; for distance, as it lessens all objects, so it does our fears: But where inevitable danger approaches, the stoutest hearts will feel some apprehensions at certain fate. It was the saying of one of the bravest men in this age, to one who told him he feared nothing, *Shew me but a certain danger, and I shall be as much afraid as any of you.* I don't absolutely pretend to justify this passage in every point, but only to have thus much granted me, that *Hector* was in this desperate circumstance.

First, It will not be found in the whole *Iliad*, that *Hector* ever thought himself a match for *Achilles*, *Homer* (to keep this in our minds) had just now made *Priam* tell him, as a thing known (for certainly *Priam* would not insult him at that time) that there was no comparison between his own strength, and that of his antagonist:

————— ἰκτὴν πολὺν Φέρτερός ἐστιν.

Secondly, We may observe with *Dacier*, the degrees by which *Homer* prepares this incident. In the 18th book the mere sight and voice of *Achilles* unarmed, has terrified and put the whole *Trojan* army

He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.

Thus

army into disorder. In the 19th the very sound of the celestial arms given him by *Vulcan*, has affrighted his own *Myrmidons* as they stand about him. In the 20th, he has been upon the point of killing *Aeneas*, and *Hector* himself was not saved from him but by *Apollo's* interposing. In that and the following book, he makes an incredible slaughter of all that oppose him, he overtakes most of those that fly from him, and *Priam* himself opens the gates of *Troy* to receive the rest.

Thirdly, *Hector* stays, not that he hopes to overcome *Achilles*, but because shame and the dread of reproach forbid him to re-enter the city; a shame (says *Eusebius*) which was a fault that betray'd him out of his life, and ruined his country. Nay, *Homer* adds farther, that he only stay'd by the immediate will of *heaven*, intoxicated and irresistibly bound down by fate.

Ἐκτορας δ' αὐτὸ μῆναι ἔλον μοῖρ' ἐπιδόου

Fourthly, He had just been reflecting on the injustice of the war he maintained; his spirits are depressed by heaven, he expects certain death, he perceives himself abandoned by the Gods, (as he directly says in v. 300, *Ec.* of the *Greek*, and 385 of the translation) so that he might say to *Achilles* what *Turnus* does to *Aeneas*,

Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis. 387

This indeed is the strongest reason that can be offered for the flight of *Hector*. He flies not from *Achilles* as a mortal hero, but from one whom he sees clad in impenetrable armour, seconded by *Misericordia*, and one who had put to flight the inferior Gods themselves. This is not cowardice, according to the constant principles of *Homer*, who thought it no part of a hero's character to be impious, or to fancy himself independent on the supreme being.

Indeed it had been a grievous fault, had our author suffered the courage of *Hector* intirely to forsake him even in this extremity: A brave man's soul is still capable of rousing itself, and acting honourably in the last struggles. Accordingly *Hector*, though delivered over to his destiny, abandoned by the Gods, and certain of death, yet stops and attacks *Achilles*; when he loses his spear, he draws his sword: It was impossible he should conquer, it was only in his power to fall gloriously; this he did, and it was all that man could do.

Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey, 185
 Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aerial way;
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
 No less fore-right the rapid chace they held,
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd; 190

If the Reader, after all, cannot bring himself to like this passage, for his own particular; yet to induce him to suspend his absolute censure, he may consider that *Virgil* had an uncommon esteem for it, as he has testified in transferring it almost intirely to the death of *Turnus*; where there was no necessity of making use of the like incidents: But doubtless he was touch'd with this episode, as with one of those which interest us most of the whole *Iliad*, by a spectacle at once so terrible, and so deplorable. I must also add the suffrage of *Aristotle*, who was so far from looking upon this passage as ridiculous or blameable, that he esteem'd it marvellous and admirable. "The wonderful," says he, ought to have place in tragedy, but still more in epic poetry, which proceeds in this point even to the unreasonable: For as in epic poems one sees not the persons acting, so whatever passes the bounds of reason, is proper to produce the admirable and the marvellous. For example, what *Homer* says of *Hector* pursued by *Achilles*, would appear ridiculous on the stage; for the spectators could not forbear laughing to see on one side the *Greeks* standing without any motion, and on the other *Achilles* pursuing *Hector*, and making signs to the troops not to dart at him. But all this does not appear when we read the poem: For what is wonderful is always agreeable, and as a proof of it, we find that they who relate any thing, usually add something to the truth, that it may the better please those who hear it.

The same great critick vindicates this passage in the chapter following. "A poet, says he, is inexcusable if he introduces such things as are impossible according to the rules of poetry: But this ceases to be a fault, if by those means he attains to the end proposed; for he has then brought about what he intended: For example, if he renders by it any part of his poem more astonishing or admirable. Such is the place in the *Iliad*, where *Achilles* pursues *Hector*." *Arist. Poet. chap. 25, 26.*

Now

Book XXII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 19

Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compass) smoke along the road.
Next by *Scamander's* double source they bound, 195
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter-snows. 200
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where *Trojan* dames (e'er yet alarm'd by *Greece*)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

V. 196. *Where two fam'd fountains.*] *Strabo* blames *Homer* for saying that one of the sources of *Scamander* was a warm fountain; whereas (says he) there is but one spring, and that cold, neither is this in the place where *Homer* fixes it, but in the mountain. It is observed by *Eusebius*, that though this was not true in *Strabo's* days, yet it might in *Homer's*, greater changes having happened in less time than that which passed between those two authors. *Saunders*, who was both a geographer and critic of great accuracy, as well as a traveller of great veracity, affirms as an eye-witness, that there are yet some hot-water springs in that part of the country, opposite to *Tenedos*. I cannot but think that gentleman must have been particularly diligent and curious in his inquiries into the remains of a place so celebrated in poetry; as he was not only perhaps the most learned, but one of the best poets of his time: I am glad of this occasion to do his memory so much justice as to say, the *English* version owes much of its improvement to his translations, and especially that admirable one of *Job*. What chiefly pleases me in this place, is to see the exact Landscape of old *Troy*; we have a clear idea of the town itself, and of the roads and country about it; the river, the fig-trees, and every part is set before our eyes.

By

20 HOMER'S *ILIAD*. Book XXII.

By these they pass, one chafing, one in flight, 205
 (The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might)
 Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
 No vulgar victim must reward the day,
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife)
 The prize contended was great *Hektor's* life. 210
 As when some hero's fun'erals are decreed
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
 Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
 (Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)
 The panting courfers swiftly turn the goal, 215
 And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul.
 Thus three times round the *Trojan* wall they fly;
 The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky:
 To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
 The Sire of mortals and immortals spoke. 220
 Unworthy fight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,
 Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!

V. 218. *The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky.*] We have here an instance of the great judgment of *Homer*. The death of *Hektor* being the chief action of the poem; he assembles the Gods, and calls a Council in heaven concerning it: It is for the same reason that he represents *Jupiter* with the greatest solemnity weighing in his scales the fates of the two heroes: I have before observed at large upon the last circumstance in a preceding note, so that there is no occasion to repeat it.

I wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of this beauty; in my opinion, it is a very necessary observation, and shews the art and judgment of the poet, that he has made the greatest and finishing action of the poem of such importance, that it engages the Gods in debates.

My

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 21

My heart partakes the gen'rous *Hektor's* pain ;
Hektor, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
 Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy, 225
 From *Ida's* summits, and the tow'rs of *Troy* :
 Now see him flying ! to his fears resign'd,
 And Fate, and fierce *Achilles*, close behind.
 Consult, ye pow'rs ! ('tis worthy your debate)
 Whether to snatch him from impending fate, 230
 Or let him bear, by stern *Polides* slain,
 (Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man ?
 Then *Pallas* thus : Shall he whose vengeance forms
 The fork'd Bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,
 Shall he prolong one *Trojan's* forfeit breath ! 235
 A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death !
 And will no murmurs fill the courts above ?
 No Gods indignant-blame their partial *Jove* ?
 Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
 Exert thy will : I give the Fates their way. 240

V. 226. From *Ida's summits*——] It was the custom of the *Pagans* to sacrifice to the Gods upon the hills and mountains, in scripture language upon the *high places*, for they were persuaded that the Gods in a particular manner inhabited such eminences : Wherefore God ordered his people to destroy all those high places, which the nations had profaned by their idolatry. *You shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations which you shall possess served their Gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the bills, and under every green tree.* *Dent. xii. 2.* It is for this reason that so many kings are reproached in scripture for not taking away the *high places*. *Dacier.*

Swift at the mandate pleas'd *Tritonia* flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, 245
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus step by step, where'er the *Trojan* wheel'd,
There swift *Achilles* compass'd round the field. 250
Oft' as to reach the *Dardan* gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose show'ring arrows, as he cour'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe)
So oft' *Achilles* turns him to the plain: 255
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.

[V. 249. *Thus step by step, &c.*] There is some difficulty in this passage, and it seems strange that *Achilles* could not overtake *Hector* whom he excelled so much in swiftness, especially when the poet describes him as running in a narrower circle than *Hector*. *Eusebius* gives us many solutions from the ancients; *Homer* has already told us that they run for the life of *Hector*; and consequently *Hector* would exert his utmost speed, whereas *Achilles* might only endeavour to keep him from entering the city: Besides, *Achilles* could not directly pursue him, because he frequently made efforts to shelter himself under the wall, and he being obliged to turn him from it, he might be forced to take more steps than *Hector*. But the poet, to take away all grounds of an objection, tells us afterwards, that *Apollo* gave him a supernatural swiftness.

As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake. 260
No less the mib'ring heroes pant and strain;
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.

What God, O Muse! assisted *Hector's* force,
With Fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phobus it was; who, in his latest hour, 265
Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r:
And great *Achilles*, lest some *Greek's* advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave unreach'd the honours of the day. 270
Jove

V. 267. *Arctus in slumbers.*] This beautiful comparison has been condemn'd by some of the ancients, even so far as to judge it unworthy of having a place in the *Iliad*: They say the diction is mean, and the similitude itself absurd, because it compares the swiftness of the heroes to men asleep, who are in a state of rest and inactivity. But there cannot be a more groundless criticism: The poet is so far from drawing his comparison from the repose of men asleep, that he alludes only to their dreams: It is a race in fancy that he describes; and surely the imagination is suitable enough to illustrate the greatest degree of swiftness: Besides the verses themselves run with the utmost rapidity, and imitate the swiftness they describe. *Eusebium*.

What sufficiently proves these verses to be genuine, is, that *Virgil* has imitated them, *Æn.* 12.

At veluti in somnis —

V. 269. *Sign'd to the troops, &c.*] The difference which *Homer* here makes between *Hector* and *Achilles* deserves to be taken notice of; *Hector* is running away towards the walls, to the end that the *Trojans* who are upon them may overwhelm *Achilles* with their darts; and

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
 The fates of mortal men, and things below :
 Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
 And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
 Low sinks the scale, furcharg'd with *Hector's* fate; 275
 Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then *Phœbus* left him. Fierce *Minerva* flies
 To stern *Pelides*, and triumphing, cries :

and *Achilles* is turning *Hector* towards the plain, makes a sign to his troops not to attack him. This shews the great courage of *Achilles*. Yet this action which appears so generous has been very much condemned by the ancients; *Plutarch* in the life of *Pompey* gives us to understand, that it was looked upon as the action of a fool too greedy of glory: Indeed this is not a single combat of *Achilles* against *Hector*, (for in that case *Achilles* would have done very ill not to hinder his troops from assaulting him) this was a rencounter in a battel, and so *Achilles* might, and ought to take all advantages to rid himself, the readiest and the surest way, of an enemy whose death would procure an intire victory to his party. Wherefore does he leave this victory to chance? Why expose himself to the hazard of losing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the publick weal, and the safety of all the *Greeks*, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own person? I grant it is a fault, but it must be owned to be the fault of a hero. *Eusebius*, *Dacier*.

V. 277. *Then Phœbus left him* —] This is a very beautiful and poetical manner of describing a plain circumstance: The hour of *Hector's* death was now come, and the poet expresses it by saying that *Apollo*, or *Destiny*, forsakes him: That is, the Fates no longer protect him. *Eusebius*.

V. id. — *Fierce Minerva flies To stern Pelides, &c.*] The poet may seem to diminish the glory of *Achilles*, by ascribing the victory over *Hector* to the assistance of *Pallas*; whereas in truth he fell by the hand only of *Achilles*: But poetry loves to raise every thing into a wonder; it steps out of the common road of narration, and aims to surprize; and the poet would farther insinuate, that it is a greater glory to *Achilles* to be belov'd by the Gods, than to be only excellent in valour: For many men have valour, but few the favour of heaven. *Eusebius*.

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 25

Oh lov'd of *Jove*! this day our labours cease,
 And conquest blazes with full beams on *Greece*, 280
 Great *Hector* falls; that *Hector* fam'd so far,
 Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
 Falls by thy hand, and mine! not force, nor flight
 Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
 See, where in vain he supplicates above, 285
 Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting *Jove*!
 Rest here: myself will lead the *Trojan* on,
 And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
 Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd. 290
 While like *Deïphobus* the martial dame
 (Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same)
 In show an aid, by hapless *Hector*'s side
 Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.
 Too long, O *Hector*! have I born the fight 295
 Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight;

V. 290. *Obey'd; and rested.*] The whole passage where *Pallas* deceives *Hector* is evidently an allegory: *Achilles* perceiving that he cannot overtake *Hector*, pretends to be quite spent and wearied in the pursuit; the stratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy; This the poet expresses by saying that *Pallas*, or *Wisdom*, came to assist *Achilles*. *Hector* observing his enemy stay to rest, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at last finds himself deceived: Thus making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his death; so that his own false judgment is the treacherous *Pallas* that deceives him. *Eustathius*.

26 HOMER'S *ILIAD*. BOOK XXII.

It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

Then he. O Priace! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300
Of all that *Hecuba* to *Priam* bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own.

Again the Goddess. Much my father's pray'r, 305
And much my mother's, press me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the gl'rious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the jav'lin fly; 310
Or let us stretch *Achilles* on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The *Dardan* hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence *Hector* broke; 315
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.

Enough, O son of *Peleus*! *Troy* has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.

But

V. 327. *The speeches of Hector and of Achilles.*] There is an opposition between their speeches excellently adapted to the character of both the heroes: That of *Hector* is full of courage, but mixed with humanity: That of *Achilles*, of resentment and arrogance: We see the great *Hector* disposing of his own remains, and that thirst of glory

BOOK XXII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 27

But now some God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die. 320
Yet on the verge of battel let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate,
(Eternal witnesses of all below, 325
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
To them I swear; if victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corps pursue;
Strip'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due) 330
The rest to *Greece* unjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.

glory which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, as *Eustathius* observes, that what once was *Hector* may not be discoloured: Thus we see a sedate, calm courage, with a contempt of death, in the speech of *Hector*. But in that of *Achilles* there is a *ferè*, and an insolent air of superiority; his magnanimity makes him scorn to steal a victory, he bids him prepare to defend himself with all his forces: and that valour and resentment which made him desirous that he might revenge himself upon *Hector* with his own hand, and forbade the *Greeks* to interpose, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. I think both their characters are admirably sustain'd, and though *Achilles* be drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmost absurdity to have soften'd one line upon this occasion, when the soul of *Achilles* was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend *Patroclus*. I must desire the reader to carry this observation in his memory, and particularly in that place, where *Achilles* says he could eat the very flesh of *Hector*; (though I have a little softened it in the translation). v. 438.

28 HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXIX.

Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be, 335

Nor oath nor pact *Achilles* plights with thee :
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the Gods ! one constant state
Of lasting rancour, and eternal hate : 340

No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
'Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance ; 345

'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives thee to my lance.
Each *Grecian* ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He spoke, and launch'd his jav'lin at the foe ;
But *Hector* shun'd the meditated blow : 350

He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great *Achilles* hand,
Unseen of *Hector*, who, elate with joy, 355
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of *Troy*.

The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince, you have mist. My fate depends on heav'n.

To

BOOK XXII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 29

To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown,
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own. 360

Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.

But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall *Hector* die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least, 365

My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.

But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!

The weapon flew, its course unerring held,
Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd 370
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.

Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls *Diiphobus*, demands a spear, 375
In vain, for no *Diiphobus* was there.

All comfortless he stands: Then, with a sigh,
'Tis so —— heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd *Diiphobus* had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall. 380

A God deceiv'd me; *Pallas*, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black fate approach! 'Tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great *Jove* deserts me, and the son of *Jove*,

30 HOMER'S *ILIAD*. BOOK XXII.

Propitious once, and kind ! Then welcome fate ! 385

'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great :

Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,

Let future ages hear it, and admire !

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,

And, all collected, on *Achilles* flew. 390

So *Jove's* bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,

Stoops from the clouds to trust the quiv'ring hare,

Nor less *Achilles* his fierce soul prepares,

Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,

Refulgent orb ! above his fourfold cone 395

The gilded horse hair sparkled in the sun,

Nodding at ev'ry step : (*Fulcanian* frame !)

And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.

As radiant *Hesper* shines with keener light,

Far beaming o'er the silver host of night, 400

When all the starry train emblaze the sphere :

So shone the point of great *Achilles'* spear.

In his right-hand he waves the weapon round,

Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound ;

V. 391. *So Jove's bold bird, &c.*] The poet takes up some time in describing the two great heroes before they close in fight. The verses are pompous and magnificent, and he illustrates his description with two beautiful similes : He makes a double use of this conduct, which not only raises our imagination to attend to so momentous an action, but by lengthening his narration keeps the mind in a pleasing suspense, and divides it between hopes and fears for the fate of *Hector* or *Achilles*.

Book XXII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 31

But the rich mail *Patroclus* lately wore, 405

Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.

One place at length he spies, to let in fate,

Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate

Gave entrance: Thro' that penetrable part

Furious he drove the well-directed dart: 410

Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r

Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.

Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,

While thus triumphing, stern *Achilles* cries.

At last is *Hector* stretch'd upon the plain, 415

Who fear'd no vengeance for *Patroclus* slain:

Then, Prince! you should have fear'd, what now you feel;

Achilles absent, was *Achilles* still.

Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,

Then low in dust thy strength and glory lay'd. 420

Peaceful He sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,

For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:

V. 409. *Thro' that penetrable part Furious he drove, &c.*] It was necessary that the poet should be very particular in this point, because the arms that *Hector* wore, were the arms of *Achilles*, taken from *Patroclus*; and consequently as they were the work of *Vulcan*, they would preserve *Hector* from the possibility of a wound: The poet therefore to give an air of probability to his story, tells us that they were *Patroclus*'s arms, and as they were not made for *Hector*, they might not exactly fit his body: So that it is not improbable but there might be some place about the neck of *Hector* so open, as to admit the spear of *Achilles*. *Eustathius*.

32 HOMER'S ILLAD. BOOK XXII.

While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

Then *Hector* fainting at th' approach of death. 425
By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for *Grecian* dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To sooth a father's and a mother's woe; 430
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And *Hector's* :shes in his country rest.,

No, wretch accurst; relentless he replies,
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare, 435
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the-dogs that carcase I resign.
Should *Troy*, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more; 440
Should

V. 437. *Could I myself the bloody banquet join!*] I have before hinted that there is something very fierce and violent in this passage; but I fancy that what I there observed will justify *Homer* in his relation, though not *Achilles* in his savage sentiments: Yet the poet softens the expression by making *Achilles* only wish that his *beast* would permit him to devour him: This is much more tolerable than a passage in the *Thebais* of *Statius*, where *Tydeus* in the very pangs of death is represented as gnawing the head of his enemy.

V. 439. *Should Troy, to bribe me, &c.*] Such resolutions as *Achilles* here makes, are very natural to men in anger; he tells *Hector* that no motives shall ever prevail with him to suffer his body to be ransomed; yet when time had cool'd his heat, and he had somewhat satisfy'd

Should *Dardan Priam*, and his weeping dame
 Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame:
 Their *Hector* on the pile they should not see,
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew ; 445
 Thy rage, implacable ! too well I knew :
 The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
 And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
 Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
 And angry Gods, shall wreak this wrong on thee ; 450
Phœbus and *Paris* shall avenge my fate,
 And stretch thee here, before this *Scæan* gate.



He ceas'd. The Fates suppress his lab'ring breath,
 And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death ;
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way, 455
 (The manly body left a load of clay)

satisfy'd his revenge by insulting his remains, he restores them to *Priam*. This perfectly agrees with his conduct in the ninth book, where at first he gives a rough denial, and afterwards softens into an easier temper. And this is very agreeable to the nature of *Achilles*; his anger abates very slowly; it is stubborn, yet still it remits: Had the poet drawn him as never to be pacified, he had outrag'd nature, and not represented his hero as a man, but as a monster. *Eustathius*.

V. 449. *A day will come*—] *Hector* prophesies at his death that *Achilles* shall fall by the hand of *Paris*. This confirms an observation made in a former note, that the words of dying men were look'd upon as prophecies; but whether such conjectures are true or false, it appears from hence, that such opinions have prevailed in the world above three thousand years.

34 *HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXII.*

And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,

A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes

O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies. 460

Die thou the first! When *Jove* and heav'n ordain,

I follow thee——He said, and stripp'd the slain.

Then forcing backward from the gaping wound

The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.

The thronging *Greeks* behold with wond'ring eyes 465

His manly beauty and superior size:

While some ignobler, the great dead deface

With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts disgrace.

"How chang'd that *Hector*! who like *Jove* of late

"Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!" 470

V. 467. *The great dead deface With wounds, &c.*] — *Eustathius* tells us that *Homer* introduces the soldiers wounding the dead body of *Hector*, in order to mitigate the cruelties which *Achilles* exercises upon it. For if every common soldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what insults may we not expect from the inexorable, insatiate *Achilles*? But I must confess myself unable to vindicate the poet in giving us such an idea of his countrymen. I think the former courage of their enemy should have been so far from moving them to revenge, that it should have recommended him to their esteem: What *Achilles* afterwards acts is suitable to his character, and consequently the poet is justified; but surely all the *Greeks* were not of his temper? *Patroclus* was not so dear to them all, as he was to *Achilles*. It is true, the poet represents *Achilles* (as *Eustathius* observes) enumerating the many ills they had suffered from *Hector*; and seems to endeavour to infect the whole army with his resentment. Had *Hector* been living, they had been acted by a generous indignation against him: But these men seem as if they only dared approach him dead; in short, what they say over his body is a mean insult, and the stabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous.

High

High o'er the slain the great *Achilles* stands,
 Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;
 And thus aloud, while all the host attends.
 Princes and Leaders! Countrymen and Friends!
 Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n 475
 The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
 Is not *Troy* fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!
 See, if already their deserted tow'rs
 Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great *Hector* slain? 480
 But what is *Troy*, of glory what to me?
 Or why reflects my mind on ought but thee,
 Divine *Patroclus*! Death has seal'd his eyes;
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!

V. 474. *The speech of Achilles.*] We have a very fine observation of *Eustathius* on this place, that the judgment and address of *Homer* here is extremely worthy of remark: He knew, and had often said, that the gods and fate had not granted *Achilles* the glory of taking *Troy*: There was then no reason to make him march against the town after the death of *Hector*, since all his efforts must have been ineffectual. What has the poet done in this conjuncture? It was but reasonable that the first thought of *Achilles* should be to march directly to *Troy*, and to profit himself of the general consternation into which the death of *Hector* had thrown the *Trojans*. We hear he knows the duty, and does not want the ability, of a great General; but after this on a sudden he changes his design, and derives a plausible pretence from the impatience he has to pay the last devoirs to his friend. The manners of *Achilles*, and what he has already done for *Patroclus*, make this very natural. At the same time, this turning off to the tender and pathetic has a fine effect; the reader in the very fury of the hero's vengeance, perceives that *Achilles* is still a man, and capable of softer passions.

Can his dear image from my soul depart, 485

Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?

If, in the melancholy shades below,

The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,

Yet mine shall sicken last; mine undecay'd,

Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade. 490

Meanwhile, ye sons of *Greece*, in triumph bring

The corps of *Hector*, and your *Pæans* sing.

Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,

"*Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more."

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred, 495

(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead)

The

V. 494. "*Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.*" I have followed the opinion of *Eustatbius*, who thought that what *Achilles* says here was the *chorus* or burden of a *song* of triumph, in which his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious combat. *Dacier* observes that this is very correspondent to the manners of those times; and instances in that passage of the book of *Kings*, when *David* returns from the conquest of *Goliath*: The women there go out to meet him from all the cities of *Israel*, and sing a triumphal song, the *chorus* whereof is, *Saul has killed his thousands, and David his ten thousands.*

V. 496. *Unworthy of himself, and of the dead.*] This inhumanity of *Achilles* in dragging the dead body of *Hector*, has been severely (and I think indeed not without some justice) censur'd by several, both ancients and moderns. *Plato* in his third book *de Republica*, speaks of it with detestation: But methinks it is a great injustice to *Homer*, to reflect upon the morals of the author himself for things which he only paints as the manners of a vicious hero.

It may justly be observed in general of all *Plato's* objections against *Homer*, that they are still in a view to morality, constantly blaming him for representing ill and immoral things as the opinions or actions of his persons. To every one of these, one general answer will serve, which is, that *Homer* as often describes ill things, in order

The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs insert'd thro' the double wound ;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain. 500
 Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds ; the rapid chariot flies ;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
 Now lost is all that formidable air ; 505
 The face divine, and long-descending hair

Purple

order to make us avoid them, as good, to induce us to follow them, (which is the case with all writers whatever.) But what is extremely remarkable, and evidently shews the injustice of *Plato's* censure is, that many of those very actions for which he blames him, are expressly characterized and marked by *Homer* himself as evil and detestable, by previous expressions or cautions. Thus in the present place, before he describes this barbarity of *Achilles*, he tells us it was a most unworthy action.

——— Καὶ Ἐκτορα δὴν αἰνία μάλιστα ἔργα.

When *Achilles* sacrifices the twelve young *Trojans* in l. 23. he repeats the same words. When *Pandarus* broke the truce in l. 4. he told us it was a mad, & just deed ;

——— — τῷ δὲ φρίνας ἄφρον πᾶσιδν.

And so of the rest.

V. 506. *The face divine, and long-descending hair.*] It is impossible to read the actions of great men without having our curiosity rais'd to know the least circumstance that relates to them. *Homer*, to satisfy it, has taken care in the process of his poem to give us the shape of his heroes, and the very colour of their hair ; thus he has told us that *Achilles's* locks were yellow, and here the epithet Κουαν

Purple the ground, and streak the fable sand;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land!
 Giv'n to the rage of an insat'ing throng!
 And in his parents sight, now dragg'd along! 510
 The mother first beheld with sad survey;
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
 And cast, far off, the regal veils away. }
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
 While the sad father answers groans with groans, 515
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of woe.
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires
 From her foundations curling to her spires,
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, 520
 And the last blaze send *Ilium* to the skies:
 The wretched monarch of the falling state
 Distracted, presses to the *Dardan* gate.
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force: 525
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging impotence of woe.

shews us that those of *Hector* were of a darker colour: As to his person, he told us a little above, that it was so handsome, that all the *Greeks* were surprized to see it. *Plutarch* recites a remarkable story of the beauty of *Hector*: It was reported in *Lacedæmon*, that a handsome youth who very much resembled *Hector* was arrived there; immediately the whole city ran in such numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to death by the croud. *Eustathius*.

At

Book XXII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 39

At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun:
 Imploring all, and naming one by one.
 Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls; 530
 I, only I, will issue from your walls,
 (Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none)
 And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age. 535
 He has a father too; a man like me;
 One, not exempt from age and misery,
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)
 How many valiant sons, in early bloom, 540
 Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb?
 Thee, *Hector*! last: Thy loss (divinely brave)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
 Oh had thy gentle spirit past in peace,
 The son expiring in the fire's embrace, 545

[V. 543. *Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.*] It is in the *Greek*,

Ὁυ μὲν ἄλλος ὅδ' ἐκ καταλόγουται αἰδὼς ἔγωγε.

It is needless to observe to the reader with what a beautiful *pathos* the wretched father laments his son *Hector*: It is impossible not to join with *Priam* in his sorrows. But what I would chiefly point out to my reader, is the beauty of this line, which is particularly tender, and almost word for word the same with that of the Patriarch *Jacob*; who upon the like occasion breaks out into the same complaint, and tells his children, that if they deprive him of his son *Benjamin*, they will bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

40 HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXII.

While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground, 550
And all the eyes of *Ilium* stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons *Hecuba* appears,
(A mourning Princess, and a train in tears)
Ah why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death? 555
Oh *Hector*! late thy parents pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of *Troy*!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd;
Her Chief, her Hero, and almost her God!
O fatal change! become in one sad day 560
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair *Andromache*, of *Hector* dead;

V. 563; &c.] The grief of *Andromache*, which is painted in the following part, is far beyond all the praises that can be given it; but I must take notice of one particular which shews the great art of the poet. In order to make the wife of *Hector* appear yet more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to increase her affliction by surprise: It is finely prepared by the circumstances of her being retired to her innermost apartment, of her employment in weaving a robe for her husband, (as may be conjectured from what she says afterward, v. 657.) and of her maids preparing the bath for his return: All which (as the critics have observed) augment the surprise, and render this reverse of fortune much more dreadful and afflicting.

BOOK XXII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 43

As yet no messenger had told his fate,
 Nor ev'n his stay without the *Scæan* gate. 565
 Far in the close recesses of the dome,
 Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom ;
 A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
 Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
 Her fair-hair'd handmaids beat the brazen urn, 570
 The bath preparing for her Lord's return:
 In vain: Alas! her Lord returns no more!
 Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
 Now from the walls the clamps reach her ear,
 And all her members shake with sudden fear; 575
 Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
 As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls.

Ah follow me! (she cry'd) what plaintive noise
 Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
 My fault'ring knees their trembling frame desert, 580
 A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.
 Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
 (Ye Gods avert it) threatens the *Trojan* state.
 Far be the Omen which my thoughts suggest!
 But much I fear my *Hector's* dauntless breast 585
 Confronts *Achilles*; chas'd along the plain,
 Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
 Safe in the croud he ever scorn'd to wait,
 And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:

Perhar-

42 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XXII.

Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath, 590

Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.

She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,

Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,

Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her steps pursue)

And mounts the walls, and sends around her view. 595

Too soon her eyes the killing object found,

The god-like *Hektor* dragg'd along the ground.

A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:

She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies.

Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound, 600

The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,

The

V. 600. *Her hair's fair ornaments.*] *Eschschius* remarks, that in speaking of *Andromache* and *Hecuba*, *Homer* expatiates upon the ornaments of dress in *Andromache*, because she was a beautiful young princess; but is very concise about that of *Hecuba*, because she was old, and wore a dress rather suitable to her age and gravity, than to her state, birth, and condition. I cannot pass over a matter of such importance as a Lady's dress, without endeavouring to explain what sort of heads were worn above three thousand years ago.

It is difficult to describe particularly every ornament mentioned by the poet, but I shall lay before my female readers the Bishop's explanation. The *Ἀμπυξ* was used, τὸ τὰς ἰμπροσθίας τριχὰς ἀναδύειν, that is, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the forehead of the head: The *Κεκύφαλος* was a veil of net-work that covered the hair when it was so ty'd: *Ἀναδίσκη* was an ornament used κύκλῳ περὶ τὰς προτάφους ἀναδύειν, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the temples; and the *Κρήδεμνον* was a fillet; perhaps embroidered with gold, (from the expression of χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ) that bound the whole, and complicated the dress.

The Ladies cannot but be pleased to see so much learning and Great upon this important subject.

Homer

Book XXII. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 43

The veil and diadem, flew far away;
 (The gift of *Venus* on her bridal day).
 Around a train of weeping sisters stands
 To raise her sinking with assistant hands. 605
 Scarce from the verge of death recall'd again,
 She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
 Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
 For sure one star its baleful beam display'd 610
 On *Priam's* roof, and *Hippolacia's* shade.
 From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
 At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!
 Why was my birth to great *Aëtion* ow'd,
 And why was all that tender care bestow'd? 615
 Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
 Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
 An only child, once comfort of my pains, 620
 Sad product now of hapless love remains!
 No more to smile upon his Sire! no friend
 To help him now! no father to defend!

Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that distinction of characters which he maintains through his whole poem: What *Andromache* here says, cannot be spoken properly by any but *Andromache*: There is nothing general in her sorrows, nothing that can be transferred to another character: The mother laments the son, and the wife weeps over the husband.

For

For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom!
 What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come? 625
 Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd;
 Some stranger plows his patrimonial field;
 The day that to the shades the father sends,
 Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
 He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears 630
 For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;
 Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
 Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
 While those his father's former bounty fed,
 Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread: 635

V. 628. *The day, that to the shades, &c.*] The following verses, which so finely describe the condition of an orphan, have been rejected by some ancient critics: It is a proof there were always critics of no manner of taste; it being impossible any where to meet with a more exquisite passage. I will venture to say, there are not in all *Homer* any lines more worthy of him: The beauty of this tender and compassionate image is such, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the *Iliad* is too much stained. These censurers imagined this description to be of too abject and mean a nature of one of the quality of *Astyanax*; but had they considered (says *Eusebius*) that these are the words of a fond mother, who feared every thing for her son; that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfortunes will happen, because there is a possibility that they may; that *Andromache* is in the very height of her sorrows, in the instant she is speaking; I fancy they would have altered their opinion.

It is undoubtedly an aggravation to our misfortunes when they sink us in a moment from the highest flow of prosperity to the lowest adversity: The poet judiciously makes use of this circumstance, the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother with the utmost tenderness, lamenting this reverse of fortune in her son; changed all at once into a slave, a beggar, an orphan! Have we not examples in our own times of unhappy Princes, whose condition renders this of *Astyanax* but too probable?

The

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 45

The kindest but his present wants allay,
 To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
 Frugal compassion! Heedless they who boast
 Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
 Shall cry, " Be gone! thy father feasts not here: 640
 The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
 Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
 To my sad soul *Astyanax* appears!
 Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
 And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn. 645
 He, who with tender delicacy bred,
 With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
 And when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
 Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
 Must—ah what must he not? Whom *Ilion* calls 650
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
 Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
 Since now no more the father guards his *Troy*.
 But thou, my *Hector*, ly'ft expos'd in air,
 Far from thy parents and thy comfort's care, 655

V. 647. *On dainties fed.*] It is in the *Greek*, " Who upon his father's knees, used to eat marrow and the fat of sheep." This would seem gross if it were literally translated, but it is a figurative expression; in the style of the orientals, marrow and fatness are taken for whatever is best, tenderest, and most delicious. Thus in *Job* xxi. 24. *Viscera ejus plena sunt adipe & medullis ossa ejus irrigantur.* And xxxvi. 16. *Requies autem mensæ tuæ erit plena pinguedine.* In *Jer.* xxxi. 14. God says, that he will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness. *Inebriabo animam sacerdotum pinguedine.* Dacier.

Whose

46 HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXII.

Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
 The martial scarf and robe of triumph weave.
 Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
 Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
 Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid, 660
 An honour to the living, not the dead!
 So spake the mournful dame: Her matrons hear,
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

V. 657. *The martial scarf and robe of triumph weave.*] This idea very naturally offers itself to a woman, who represents to herself the body of her husband dashed to pieces, and all his limbs dragged upon the ground uncovered; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. 'Tis well known, that it was anciently the custom among princesses and great ladies to have large quantities of stuffs and moveables. This provision was more necessary in those times than now, because of the great consumption made of them on those occasions of mourning. *Dacier.*

I am of opinion that *Homer* had a farther view in expatiating thus largely upon the death of *Hector*. Every word that *Hecluba*, *Priam*, and *Andromache* speak, shews us the importance of *Hector*: Every word adds a weight to the concluding action of the poem, and at the same time represents the sad effects of the Anger of *Achilles*, which is the subject of it.



THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.



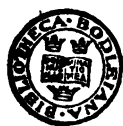


THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several Animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burn'd all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: The chariot-race, the fight of the Cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the Discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: The various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: The one and thirtieth day is employed in felling timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea shore.

THE





Achilles after having taken a severe Revenge upon Hector for the Death of his dear Patroclus causes Magnificent Funeral Rites to be performed for him, where in are sacrific'd to his Manes, twelve young Trojans of noble Birth, a Tomb is erect- ed for him, & Games celebrated in Honour of him.



THE
* TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THUS humbled in the dust, the penfive train
Thro' the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body foil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad *Hellepont*'s resounding shore:

The

* This, and the following book, which contain the description of the funeral of *Patroclus* and other matters relating to *Hector*, are undoubtedly super-added to the grand catastrophe of the poem; for the story is compleatly finished with the death of that hero in the twenty-second book. Many judicious critics have been of opinion, that *Homer* is blameable for protracting it. *Virgil* closes the whole scene of action with the death of *Turnus*, and leaves the rest to be imagined by the mind of the reader: He does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it so far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be said

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The *Grecians* seek their ships, and clear the strand, 5

All, but the martial *Myrmidonian* band.

These yet assembled great *Achilles* holds,

And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds.

Nor yet (my brave companions of the war)

Release your smoking couriers from the car; 10

But, with his chariot each in order led,

Perform due honours to *Patroclus* dead.

E'er yet from rest or food we seek relief,

Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.

in favour of *Homer*, which may perhaps justify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the *Anger of Achilles*: And as that Anger does not die with *Hector*, but persecutes his very remains, so the Poet still keeps up to his subject; nay, it seems to require that he should carry down the relation of that resentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully satisfied: And as this survives *Hector*, and gives the poet an opportunity of still shewing many sad effects of *Achilles's* Anger, the two following books may be thought not to be excrescencies, but essential to the Poem.

Virgil had been inexcusable had he trod in *Homere's* footsteps; for it is evident that the fall of *Turnus*, by giving *Aeneas* a full power over *Italy*, answers the whole design and intention of the poem; had he gone farther, he had overshot his mark: And though *Homer* proceeds after *Hector's* death, yet the subject is still the Anger of *Achilles*.

We are now past the war and violence of the *Iliad*, the scenes of blood are closed during the rest of the poem; we may look back with a pleasing kind of horror upon the Anger of *Achilles*, and see what dire effects it has wrought in the compass of nineteen days: *Troy* and *Greece* are both in mourning for it, Heaven and Earth, Gods and Men, have suffered in the conflict, the reader seems landed upon the shore after a violent storm; and has leisure to survey the consequences of the tempest, and the woe occasioned by the former commotions, *Troy* weeping for *Hector*, and *Greece* for *Patroclus*. Our passions have been in an agitation since the opening of the poem; wherefore the poet, like some great master in music, softens his notes, and melts his readers into tenderness and pity.

The

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
 (Achilles first) their courfers round the dead;
 And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
 Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.

For

V. 18. *Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew,*
 ———Thetis aids their woe———]

It is not easy to give a reason why *Thetis* should be said to excite the grief of the *Myrmidons* and of *Achilles*; it had seem'd more natural for the mother to have composed the sorrows of the son, and restor'd his troubled mind to tranquillity.

But such a procedure would have outrag'd the character of *Achilles*, who is all along described to be of such a violence of temper, that he is not easy to be pacified at any time, much less upon so great an incident as the death of his friend *Patroclus*. Perhaps the Poet made use of this fiction in honour of *Achilles*; he makes every passion of his hero considerable; his sorrow as well as anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a Goddess attends him, and a whole army weeps.

Some commentators fancy that *Homer* animates the very sands of the sea, and the arms of the *Myrmidons*, and makes them sensible of the loss of *Patroclus*; the preceding words seem to strengthen that opinion, because the poet introduces a Goddess to raise the sorrow of the army. But *Eusebius* seems not to give into this conjecture, and I think very judiciously; for what relation is there between the sands of the shores, and the arms of the *Myrmidons*? It would have been more poetical to have said, the sands and the rocks, than the sands and the arms; but it is very natural to say, that the soldiers wept so bitterly, that their armour and the very sands were wet with their tears. I believe this remark will appear very just by reading the verse, with a comma after *τεύχεα*, thus,

Δεύοντο ψάμμοι, δέοντο δὲ τεύχεα, φεῶν
 Δαίμονες.

Then the construction will be natural and easy, period will answer period in the *Greek*, and the sense in *English* will be, the sands were wet, and the arms were wet with the tears of the mourners.

For such a warrior *Thetis* aids their woe,
 Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow. 20
 But chief, *Pelides*: thick-succeeding sighs
 Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
 His slaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
 On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said.

All hail, *Patroclus*! let thy honour'd ghost 25
 Hear, and rejoice on *Pluto's* dreary coast;
 Behold! *Achilles'* promise is compleat;
 The bloody *Hector* stretch'd before thy feet.
 Lo! to the dogs his carcass I resign;
 And twelve sad victims of the *Trojan* line 30
 Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire,
 Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.

But however this be, there is a very remarkable beauty in the run of the verse in *Homer*, every word has a melancholy cadence, and the Poet has not only made the sands and the arms, but even his very verse to lament with *Achilles*.

V. 23. *His slaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid*
On his dead friend's cold breast——

I could not pass by this passage without observing to my reader the great beauty of this epithet ἀνδροφόνους. An ordinary poet would have contented himself with saying, he laid his hand upon the breast of *Patroclus*; but *Homer* knows how to raise the most trivial circumstance, and by adding this one word, he laid his *deadly* hands, or his *murderous* hands, he fills our minds with great ideas, and by a single epithet recalls to our thoughts all the noble achievements of *Achilles* through the *Iliad*.

V. 25. *All hail, Patroclus, &c.*] There is in this apostrophe of *Achilles* to the ghost of *Patroclus*, a sort of savageness, and a mixture of softness and atrocity, which are highly conformable to his character.

Dacier.

Gloomy

BOOK XXIII. *HOMER's ILLIAD.* 53

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
 Before the bier the bleeding *Hector* threw,
 Prone on the dust. The *Myrmidons* around 35
 Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.
 All to *Achilles'* sable ship repair,
 Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
 Now from the well-fed swine black smoaks aspire,
 The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire: 40
 The huge ox bellowing falls; with feeble cries
 Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
 Aroun'd the hero's prostrate body flow'd
 In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.
 And now a band of *Argive* Monarchs brings 45
 The glorious victor to the King of Kings.
 From his dead friend the penfive warrior went,
 With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
 Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
 With kindled flames the tripod vase surround; 50
 To cleanse his conqu'ring hands from hostile gore,
 They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore.

V. 51. *To cleanse his conqu'ring hands*——
 ——*The chief refus'd*——

This is conformable to the custom of the orientals: *Achilles* will not be induc'd to wash, and afterwards retires to the sea-shore, and sleeps on the ground. It is just thus that *David* mourns in the scriptures; he refuses to wash, or to take any repast, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth.

No drop shall touch me, by almighty *Jove* !
 The first and greatest of the Gods above !
 'Till on the pyre I place thee ; 'till I rear 55
 The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.
 Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
 And sooth my sorrows, while I bear to live.

Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
 And share your feast ; but, with the dawn of day, 60
 (O King of men !) it claims thy royal care,
 That *Greece* the warrior's fun'ral pile prepare,
 And bid the forests fall : (Such rites are paid
 To heroes slumb'ring in eternal shade)

Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire, 65
 Let the leagu'd squadrons to their posts retire.

He spoke ; they hear him, and the word obey ;
 The rage of hunger and of thirst allay, }
 Then ease in sleep the labours of the day. }
 But great *Pelides*, stretch'd along the shore 70

Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
 Lies inly groaning ; while on either hand
 The martial *Myrmidons* confus'dly stand :
 Along the grass his languid members fall,
 Tir'd with his chase around the *Trojan* wall, 75
 Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
 At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.

When

When lo! the shade before his closing eyes
 Of sad *Patroclus* rose, or seem'd to rise;
 In the same robe he living wore, he came, 80
 In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.
 The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
 And sleeps *Achilles* (thus the phantom said)
 Sleeps my *Achilles*, his *Patroclus* dead? }
 Living, I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest care, 85
 But now forgot, I wander in the air;
 Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,
 And give me entrance in the realms below:
 'Till then the spirit finds no resting-place,
 But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chace 90
 The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
 Forbid to cross th' irremovable flood.

Now

V. 78. *The ghost of Patroclus.*] Homer has introduced into the former parts of the poem the personages of Gods and Goddesses from heaven, and of furies from hell. He has embellished it with ornaments from earth, sea, and air; and he here opens a new scene, and brings to the view a ghost, the shade of the departed friend: By these methods he diversifies his poem with new and surprizing circumstances, and awakens the attention of the reader; at the same time he very poetically adapts his language to the circumstances of this imaginary *Patroclus*, and teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time, concerning the state of separate souls.

V. 92. *Forbid to cross th' irremovable flood.*] It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the souls of the departed were not admitted into the number of the happy till their bodies had received the funeral rites; they supposed those that wanted them wander'd an hundred years before they were wafted over the infernal river; *Virgil* perhaps had this passage of *Homer* in his view in the sixth *Æneid*, at least he coincides with his sentiments concerning the state of the departed souls.

Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more.
 When once the last funeral flames ascend, 95
 No more shall meet *Achilles* and his friend,
 No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known,
 Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.
 Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
 The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth: 100
 Thee too it waits; before the *Trojan* wall
 Ev'n great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.

*Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumatæque turba est:
 Nec ripas datur borrendas, nec rauca fluentia
 Transportare prius, quàm sedibus ossa quierunt;
 Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum;
 Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revolvunt.*

It was during this interval between death and the rites of funeral, that they supposed the only time allowed for separate spirits to appear to men: therefore *Patroclus* here tells his friend,

——— *To the farther shore
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more.*

For the fuller understanding of *Homer*, it is necessary to be acquainted with his notion of the state of the soul after death: He followed the philosophy of the *Egyptians*, who supposed man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body; the mind they call *φρην*, or *ψυχή*, the vehicle *εἰδωλον*, image or soul, and the gross body *σῶμα*. The soul, in which the mind was lodg'd, was supposed exactly to resemble the body in shape, magnitude, and features; for this being in the body, as the statue in its mold, so soon as it goes forth is properly the image of that body in which it was inclosed: This it was that appeared to *Achilles* with the full resemblance of his friend *Patroclus*. *Vid. Duval's life of Pythagoras, p. 71.*

Hear

Hear then ; and as in fate and love we join,
 Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine !
 Together have we liv'd, together bred, 105
 One house receiv'd us, and one table fed ;
 That golden urn thy goddess-mother gave,
 May mix our ashes in one common grave.
 And is it thou ? (he answers) to my fight
 Once more return'st thou from the realms of night ? 110
 Oh more than brother ! Think each office paid,
 Whate'er can rest a discontented shade ;
 But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy !
 Afford at least that melancholy joy.

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd 115
 In vain to grasp the visionary shade ;

V. 104. *Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine.*] There is something very pathetic in this whole speech of *Patroclus* ; he begins it with kind reproaches, and blames *Achilles* with a friendly tenderness ; he recounts to him the inseparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his last request, that they may not be parted even in death, but that their bones may rest in the same urn. The speech itself is of a due length ; it ought not to be very short, because this apparition is an incident intirely different from any other in the whole poem, and consequently the reader would not have been satisfied with a cursory mention of it ; neither ought it to be long, because this would have been contrary to the nature of such apparitions, whose stay upon earth has ever been described as very short, and consequently they cannot be supposed to use many words.

The circumstance of being buried in the same urn, is intirely conformable to the eastern custom : There are innumerable instances in the scriptures of great personages being buried with their fathers : So *Joseph* would not suffer his bones to rest in *Aegypt*, but commands his brethren to carry them into *Canaan*, to the burying-place of his father *Jacob*.

Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,

And hears a feeble lamentable cry.

Conscious he wakes; amazement breaks the bands

Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands,

Pensive he muses with uplifted hands.

'Tis true, 'tis certain; man tho' dead, retains

Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:

The form subsists without the body's aid,

Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!

120 }

125

This

V. 124. *The form subsists, without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade.*

The words of Homer are,

Ἀτὰρ φρίνις ἐκ τῆς ψυχῆς.

In which there seems to be a great difficulty; it being not easy to explain how *Achilles* can say that the Ghost of his friend had no understanding, when it had but just made such a rational and moving speech; especially when the poet introduces the apparition with the very shape, air, and voice of *Patroclus*.

But this passage will be clearly understood, by explaining the notion which the ancients entertained of the souls of the departed, according to the fore-cited triple division of *mind*, *image*, and *body*. They imagined that the soul was not only separated from the body at the hour of death, but that there was a farther separation of the φρίνις, or understanding, from its εἶδωλον, or vehicle; so that while the εἶδωλον, or image of the body was in hell, the φρίνις, or understanding might be in heaven: And that this is a true explication, is evident from a passage in the *Odyssey*, b. xi. v. 600.

Τὸν δὲ μετ', ἐισπύοντα βίη, Ἠρακλείην

Ἐιδωλον' αὐτὸς δὲ μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι

Τίρπεται ἐν θαλάῃ, οὐ γὰρ κεν αἰσιν φρίνις ἔβη.

Now

This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
 Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;
 Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
 Alas, how different! yet how like the same!

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears; 130
 And now the rosy finger'd morn appears,
 Shews ev'ry mournful face with tears o'erspread,
 And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
 But *Agamemnon*, as the rites demand,
 With mules and waggons loads a chosen band; 135
 To load the timber, and the pile to rear,
 A charge assign'd to *Merion's* faithful care.

*Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
 A towering spectre of gigantic mold;
 A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
 Himself resides, a God among the Gods:
 There in the bright assemblies of the skies
 He Nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.*

By this it appears that *Homer* was of opinion that *Hercules* was immortal, while his *shadow*, or image, was in hell: so that when this second separation is made, the image or vehicle becomes a spiritless form.

We have this whole doctrine very distinctly delivered by *Plutarch* in these words: "Man is a compound subject; but not of two parts, as is commonly believed, because the *understanding* is generally accounted a part of the *soul*; whereas indeed it as far exceeds the soul, as the *soul* is diviner than the body. Now the soul, when compounded with the understanding, makes reason; and when compounded with the body, passion: Whereof the one is the source or principle of pleasure or pain, the other of vice or virtue. Man therefore properly dies two deaths; the first death makes him two of three, and the second makes him one of two." *Plutarch, of the face in the moon.*

With

60 HOMER'S ILLIAD, Book XXIII

With proper instruments they take the road,
 Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.
 First march the heavy mules, securely slow, 140
 O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
 Jumping, high o'er the shrubs, of the rough ground,
 Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the shockt axles bound.
 But

V. 141. O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go —
 On all sides round the forest burls her odds
 Headlong ————— }

The numbers in the original of this whole passage are admirably adapted to the images the verses convey to us. Every ear must have felt the propriety of found in this line,

Πολλὰ δ' αἶαντα, καί ταντα, πάραντα τε, δόχμα δ' ἄλθον.

The other in its kind is no less exact,

Τάμνοι ἐπιγόμενοι, ταὶ δὲ μεγάλα κλυτίσυται.
 Πίστω —————

Dionysius of Halicarnassus has collected many instances of these sorts of beauties in Homer. This description of felling the forests, so excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few lines, which has left room for a larger and more particular one in Sædus, one of the best (I think) in that author.

————— *Cadit ardua fagus,*
Chaoniamque nemus, brumæque illesæ cupressus;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta supremis,
Ornique, iliciæque trabes, metuandæque sulca
Tæcæ, & infandos belli poturæ cruores
Fraxinus, atque sive non expugnabile robur:
Hinc audax abies, & odoro vulnere pinus
Seinditur, acclinant intonsa cacumina terræ
Alum amica fretis, nec inospita vitibus ulmus, &c.

I the

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 61

But when arriv'd at *Ida's* spreading woods,
 (Fair *Ida*, water'd with descending floods) 145
 Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
 On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks.
 Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
 Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
 The wood the *Grecians* cleave, prepar'd to burn; 150
 And the slow mules the same rough road return.
 The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
 (Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the sandy shore;
 There on the spot which great *Achilles* show'd,
 They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load; 155
 Circling around the place, where times to come
 Shall view *Patroclus*' and *Achilles*' tomb.

I the rather cite this fine passage, because I find it copied by two of the greatest poets of our own nation, *Claudian* and *Spenser*. The first in the *Assembly of Fowls*, the second in his *Fairy Queen*, lib. 1.

*The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all,
 The aspen good for slaves, the cypress funeral,
 The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
 And poets sage: The fir that weepeth still,
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
 The yew obedient to the bender's will,
 The birch for shafts, the fallow for the mill,
 The myrrh, sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
 The carver holme, the maple seldom inward found.*

The hero bids his martial troops appear
 High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
 Each in resplendent arms his limbs attires, 160
 All mount their chariots, Combatants and Squires.
 The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
 Then clouds of foot that move along the plain;
 Next these the melancholy band appear,
 Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier: 165
 O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw:
 Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,
 Supporting

V. 160. *Each in resplendent arms, &c.*] It is not to be supposed that this was a general custom used at all funerals; but Patroclus being a warrior, he is buried like a soldier, with military honours. Eustathius.

V. 166. *O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw.*]

The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practised not only among the Greeks, but also among other nations; thus Statius, *Thebaid* 6.

——— *Tergoqne & pectore fuscum*
Cæsariens ferro nituit, scissisque jacentis
Crinibus tenuis ora cecidis.

This custom is taken notice of in holy scripture: *Ezekiel* describing a great lamentation, says, *They shall make themselves utterly bald for thee*, ch. xxvii. v. 31. I believe it was done not only in token of sorrow, but perhaps had a concealed meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

I must observe that this ceremony of cutting off the hair was not always in token of sorrow; *Lycophron* in his *Cassandra*, v. 976. describing a general lamentation, says,

Book XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 63

Supporting with his hands the hero's head,

Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.

Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground 170

They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.

But great *Achilles* stands apart in pray'r,

And from his head divides the yellow hair;

Κρατὸς δ' ἄκυρος κῶτα καλλίμῃ φέβη.

A length of unshorn hair adorn'd their backs.

And that the ancients sometimes had their hair cut off in token of joy, is evident from *Juvenal*, Sat. 22. v. 82.

~~Gludent ibi vertice raso~~

Garrula sevari narrare pericula nauta,

This seeming contradiction will be solved by having respect to the different practices of different nations. If it was the general custom of any country to wear long hair, then the cutting it off was a token of sorrow; but if it was the custom to wear short hair, then the letting it grow long and neglecting it, shewed that such people were mourners.

V. 168. *Supporting with his hands the hero's head.*] *Achilles* follows the corpse as chief mourner, and sustains the head of his friend: This last circumstance seems to be general; thus *Eurypides* in the funeral of *Rhesus*, v. 886.

Τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θάλε, ἃ θεοῖσιν,

Τὸν νεκρὸν ἐν χερσὶν

Θοράδῃσιν ἵκει;

What God, O king, with his hands supports the head of the deceased?

Those

64 *HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXIII.*

Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And sacred grew, to *Sperchius'* honour'd flood: 175
Then fighting, to the deep his locks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the watry waste.

Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost
Delightful roll along my native coast!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return, 180
These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
And where in shade of consecrated bow'rs
The altars stand, perfum'd with native flow'rs! 185
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more *Achilles* sees his native plain;
In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the shades below.

V. 175. *And sacred grew to Sperchius' honour'd flood.*] It was the custom of the ancients not only to offer their own hair, but likewise to consecrate that of their children to the river-gods of their country. This is what *Pausanias* shews in his *Attics*: Before you pass the *Cephissus* (says he) you find the tomb of *Theodorus*, who was the most excellent actor of his time for tragedy; and on the banks you see two statues, one of *Mneshmachus*, and the other of his son, who cut off his hair in honour of the rivers; for that this was in all ages the custom of the Greeks, may be inferred from *Homer's* poetry, where *Peleus* promises by a solemn vow to consecrate to the river *Sperchius* the hair of his son, if he returns safe from the Trojan war. This custom was likewise in *Ægypt*, where *Philostratus* tells us, that *Memnon* consecrated his hair to the *Nile*. This practice of *Achilles* was imitated by *Alexander* at the funeral of *Hephestion*. *Spodanus*.

Thus

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILLAD. 65

Thus o'er *Patroclus* while the hero pray'd, 190
 On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.
 Once more afresh the *Grecian* sorrows flow:
 And now the Sun had set upon their woe;
 But to the King of Men thus spoke the Chief.
 Enough *Atrides*! give the troops relief: 195
 Permit the mourning legions to retire,
 And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
 The pious care be ours, the dead to burn——
 He said: The people to their ships return:
 While those deputed to inter the slain, 200
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
 A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
 The growing structure spreads on ev'ry side;
 High on the top the manly corse they lay,
 And well fed sheep, and sable oxen slay: 205
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
 And the pil'd victims round the body spread.
 Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil
 Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
 Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan: 210
 Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
 Of nine large dogs, domestick at his board,
 Fall two, selected to attend their Lord.
 Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
 Sad sacrifice! twelve *Trojan* captives fell. 215

66 HOMER'S ILLAD. Book XXIII.

On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rices, he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry.

All hail, *Petrarchus*! let thy vengeful ghost 220

Hear, and exult on *Plato's* dreary coast:

Behold, *Achilles'* promise fully paid,

Twelve *Trojan* heroes offer'd to thy shade;

But heavier fates on *Hektor's* corpse attend,

Say'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend. 225

So spake he, threat'ning: But the Gods made vain

His threat, and guard inviolate the slain:

Celestial *Venus* hover'd o'er his head,

And rosate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! shed:

She watch'd him all the night, and all the day, 230

And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd prey.

V. 228. *Celestial Venus, &c.*] *Homer* has here introduced a series of allegories in the compass of a few lines: The body of *Hektor* may be supposed to continue beautiful even after he was slain; and *Venus* being the president of beauty, the Poet by a natural fiction tells us it was preserved by that goddess.

Apollo's covering the body with a cloud is a very natural allegory: For the sun (says *Eusebius*) has a double quality which produces contrary effects; the heat of it causes a dryness, but at the same time it exhales the vapours of the earth, from whence the clouds of heaven are formed. This allegory may be founded upon truth; there might happen to be a cool season while *Hektor* lay unburied, and *Apollo*, or the sun, raising clouds which intercept the heat of his beams, by a very easy fiction in poetry may be introduced in person to preserve the body of *Hektor*.

Nor

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 67

Nor sacred *Phæbus* less employ'd his care;
 He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
 And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh intire,
 Against the solar beam and *Sirian* fire. 235

Nor yet the pile where dead *Patroclus* lies,
 Smokes, nor as yet the fallen flames arise;
 But fast beside *Achilles* stood in pray'r,
 Invok'd the Gods whose spirit moves the air,
 And victims promis'd, and libations cast, 240

To gentle *Zephyr* and the *Boreal* blast:
 He call'd th' aerial pow'rs, along the skies
 To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
 The winged *Iris* heard the hero's call,
 And instant hasten'd to their airy hall, 245

Where, in old *Zephyr's* open courts on high,
 Sate all the blust'ring brethren of the sky.
 She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
 The rocky pavement glitter'd with the snow.
 All from the banquet rise, and each invites 250

The various Goddesses to partake the rites.
 Not so (the dame reply'd) I haste to go
 To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:
 Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,
 And heav'n is feasting on the world's green end, 255

With righteous *Æthiops* (uncorrupted train!)
 Far on th' extreme limits of the main.

But *Peleus*' son intreats, with sacrifice,
 The *Western Spirit*, and the *North* to rise;
 Let on *Patroclus*' pile your blast be driv'n, 260
 And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.
 Swift as the word, she vanish'd from their view;
 Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;

V. 263. *The allegory of the winds.*] A poet ought to express nothing vulgarly; and sure no poet ever trespassed less against this rule than *Homer*; the fruitfulness of his invention is continually raising incidents new and surprising. Take this passage out of its poetical dress, and it will be no more than this: A strong gale of wind blew, and so increased the flame; that it soon consumed the pile. But *Homer* introduces the Gods of the winds in person: And *Iris*, or the rainbow, being (as *Eusebius* observes) a sign not only of showers, but of winds, he makes them come at her summons.

Every circumstance is well adapted: As soon as the winds see *Iris*, they rise; that is, when the rainbow appears, the wind rises: She refuses to sit, and immediately returns; that is, the rainbow is never seen long at one time, but soon appears, and soon vanishes: She returns over the ocean; that is, the bow is composed of waters, and it would have been an unnatural fiction to have described her as passing by land.

The winds are all together in the cave of *Zephyrus*, which may imply that they were there as at their general rendezvous; or that the nature of all the winds is the same; or that the western wind is in that country the most constant, and consequently it may be said, that at such seasons all the winds are assembled in one corner, or rendezvous with *Zephyrus*.

Iris will not enter the cave: It is the nature of the rainbow to be stretch'd intirely upon the surface, and therefore this fiction is agreeable to reason.

When *Iris* says that the Gods are partaking hecatombs in *Æthiopia*, it is to be remembered that the Gods are represented there in the first book, before the scenes of war were opened; and now they are closed, they return thither. *Eusebius*.—— Thus *Homer* makes the anger of his hero so important, that it rous'd heaven to arms, and now when it is almost appeased, *Achilles* as it were gives peace to the Gods.

BOOK XXIII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 69

Forth burst the stormy band with thund'ring roar,
And heaps on-heaps the clouds are tost before. 265

To the wide-main then stooping from the skies,
The heaving deeps in watry mountains rise :
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
'Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
The structure crackles in the roaring fires, 270
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.

All night *Achilles* hails *Patroclus*' soul,
With large libation from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son, 275

Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
And pour in tears, e'er yet they close the urn :
So stay'd *Achilles*, circling round the shore,
So watch'd the flames, 'till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging thro' the shades of night, 280

The morning planet told th' approach of light ;
And fast behind, *Aurora*'s warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day :
Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd : 285
Across the *Thracian* seas their course they bore ;
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,

Exhar

70 HOMER'S ILLAD. Book XXIII.

Exhausted with his grief: Meanwhile the croud 290
Of thronging *Grecians* round *Achilles* flood;
The tumult wak'd him: From his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke.

Ye Kings and Princes of th' *Achaian* name!
First let us quench the yet remaining flame 295
With fable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view select:
(Apart, and easy to be known they lie,
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margins will be seen, 300
Promiscuous, floods, and immolated men)
These wrapt in double cauls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest with decent honour laid,
'Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade. 305
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter *Greece* some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise.

The *Greeks* obey; where yet the embers glow 310
Wide o'er the pile the fable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below. }

V. 308. *Hereafter Greece a nobler pile shall raise.*] We see how *Achilles* consults his own glory; the desire of it prevails over his tenderness for *Patroclus*, and he will not permit any man, not even his beloved *Patroclus*, to share an equality of honour with himself, even in the grave. *Eustathius*.

Next

Next the white bones his sad companions place
 With tears collected, in the golden vase.
 The sacred relicks to the tent they bore; 315
 The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
 That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
 And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
 High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
 Of rising earth, memorial of the dead. 320
 The swarming populace the Chief detains,
 And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;

V. 321. *The games for Patroclus.* } The conduct of Homer in enlarging upon the games at the funeral of *Patroclus* is very judicious; There had undoubtedly been such honours paid to several heroes during this war, as appears from a passage in the ninth book, where *Agamemnon* to enhance the value of the prizes which he offers *Achilles*, says, that any person would be rich that had treasures equal to the value of the prizes they had won; which races must have been run during the siege: For had they been before it, the horses would now have been too old to be of any value, this being the tenth year of the war. But the poet passes all these games over in silence, and reserves them for this season; not only in honour of *Patroclus*, but also of his hero *Achilles*; who exhibits games to a whole army; great generals are candidates for the prizes, and he himself sits the judge and arbitrator: This in peace as well as war the poet maintains the superiority of the character of *Achilles*.

But there is another reason why the poet deferred to relate any games that were exhibited at any preceding funerals: The death of *Patroclus* was the most eminent period; and consequently the most proper time for such games.

It is farther observable, that he chuses this peculiar time with great judgment. When the fury of the war rag'd, the army could not well have found leisure for the games, and they might have met with interruption from the enemy: But Hector being dead, all Troy was in confusion: They are in too great a consternation to make any attempts, and therefore the poet could not possibly have chosen a more happy opportunity. *Eustathius*.

72 *HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXIII.*

There plac'd 'em round: Then from the ships proceeds
 A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
 Vases and Tripods, for the fun'ral games, 325
 Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.
 First stood the prizes to reward the force
 Of rapid racers in the dusty course.

A woman for the first; in beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom; 330
 And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
 Of twenty measures its capacious size.

The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
 Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke;
 The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame; 335

Four ample measures held the shining frame:
 Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;

An ample double bowl contents the last.

These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
 The hero, rising, thus address the train. 340

Behold the prizes, valiant *Greeks!* decreed

To the brave rulers of the racing steed;

Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,

Should our immortal coursers take the plain;

(A race unrival'd, which from Ocean's God 345

Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd.)

But this no time our vigour to display,

Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day:

Loft

Lost is *Patroclus* now, that wont to deck
 Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck. 350
 Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
 And trail those graceful honours on the sand!
 Let others for the noble task prepare,
 Who trust the courser, and the flying car.
 Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise; 355
 But far the first, *Eumelus* hopes the prize,
 Fam'd thro' *Pieria* for the fleetest breed,
 And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.
 With equal ardour bold *Tydidēs* swell'd
 The steeds of *Tros* beneath his yoke compell'd, 360
 (Which late obey'd the *Dardan* chief's command,
 When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand.)
 Then *Menelaüs* his *Podargus* brings,
 And the fam'd courser of the King of Kings:

V. 349. *Lost is Patroclus now, &c.*] I am not ignorant that *Homer* has frequently been blamed for such little digressions as these; in this passage he gives us the genealogy of his horses, which he has frequently told us in the preceding part of the poem. But *Eusebius* justifies his conduct, and says that it was very proper to commend the virtue of these horses upon this occasion, when horses were to contend for victory: At the same time he takes an opportunity to make an honourable mention of his friend *Patroclus*, in whose honour these games were exhibited.

It may be added as a farther justification of *Homer*, that this last circumstance is very natural; *Achilles*, while he commends his horses, remembers how careful *Patroclus* had been of them: His love for his friend is so great; that the minutest circumstance recalls him to his mind; and such little digressions, such avocations of thought as these, very naturally proceed from the overflows of love and sorrow.

74 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XXIII.

Whom rich *Echepolus* (more rich than brave) 365
 To 'scape the war, to *Agamemnon* gave,
 (*Æthe* her name) at home to end his days,
 Base wealth preferring to eternal praise:
 Next him *Antilochus* demands the course,
 With beating heart, and cheers his *Pylian* horse. 370
 Experienc'd *Nestor* gives his son the reins,
 Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
 Nor

V. 365. *Whom rich Echepolus, &c.*] One would think that *Agamemnon* might be accused of avarice, in dispensing with a man from going to the war for the sake of a horse; but *Aristotle* very well observes, that this prince is praise-worthy for having preferred a horse to a person so cowardly, and so incapable of service. It may be also conjectur'd from this passage, that even in those elder times it was the custom, that those who were willing to be excus'd from the war, should give either a horse or man, and often both. Thus *Scipio* going to *Africa*, ordered the *Sicilians* either to attend him, or to give him horses or men: And *Agefilaus* being at *Ephesus*, and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation, that the rich men who would not serve in the war should be dispensed with, provided they furnished a man and a horse in their stead: In which, says *Plutarch*, he wisely followed the example of king *Agamemnon*, who excus'd a very rich coward from serving in person, for a present of a good mare. *Eustathius*, *Dacier*.

V. 371. *Experienc'd Nestor, &c.*] The poet omits no opportunity of paying honour to his old favourite *Nestor*, and I think he is no where more particularly complimented than in this book. His age had disabled him from bearing any share in the games; and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere spectator, but as an actor in the sports. Thus he as it were wins the prize for *Antilochus*; *Antilochus* wins not by the swiftness of his horses, but by the wisdom of *Nestor*.

This fatherly tenderness is wonderfully natural: We see him in all imaginable inquietude and concern for his son; he comes to the barrier, stands beside the chariot, animates his son by his praises, and directs him by his lessons: You think the old man's soul mounts on the chariot with his *Antilochus*, to partake the same dangers, and run the same career.

Nothing

BOOK XXIII. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 75

Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears.

My son, tho' youthful ardour fire thy breast, 375

The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have blest.

Neptune and *Jove* on thee conferr'd the skill,

Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.

To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;

But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds. 380

Fear not thy rivals, tho' for swiftness known.

Compare those rivals judgment, and thy own:

It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,

And to be swift is less than to be wise;

'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous strokes, 385

The dextrous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;

By art the pilot, thro' the boiling deep

And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;

And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,

Not those, who trust in chariots, and in horse. 390

In vain unskilful to the goal they strive,

And short, or wide, th' ungovern'd courser drive:

While with sure skill, tho' with inferior steeds,

The knowing racer to his end proceeds;

Nothing can be better adapted to the character than this speech; he expatiates upon the advantages of wisdom over strength, which is a tacit compliment to himself: And had there been a prize for wisdom, undoubtedly the old man would have claimed it as his right.
Eustathius.

76 HOMER'S *ILIAD*. BOOK XXIII.

Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the course, 395
 His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
 And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
 Observing still the foremost on the plain.
 Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found ;
 Yon' aged trunk, a cubit from the ground ; 400
 Of some once stately oak the last remains,
 Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains,
 Inclos'd with stones conspicuous from afar,
 And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
 (Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace ; 405
 Or then, as now, the limit of a race)
 Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
 A little bending to the left-hand speed ;
 But urge the right, and give him all the reins ;
 While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains, 410
 And turns him short ; 'till, doubling as they roll,
 The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.
 Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
 Clear of the stony heap direct the course ;
 Left thro' incaution failing, thou may'st be 415
 A joy to others, a reproach to me.
 So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
 And leave unskillful swiftness far behind ;
 Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchless speed
 Which bore *Adraustus*, of celestial breed ; 420
 Or

Or the fam'd race thro' all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud *Laomedon*.

Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
Concludes ; then fate, stiff with unwieldy age.

Next bold *Meriones* was seen to rise, 425

The last, but not least ardent for the prize.

They mount their seats ; the lots their place dispose ;
(Roll'd in his helmet, these *Achilles* throws.)

V. 427. *The lots their place dispose.*] According to these lots the charioteers took their places ; but to know whether they stood all in an equal front, or one behind another, is a difficulty: *Eustathius* says the ancients were of opinion that they did not stand in one front ; because it is evident that he who had the first lot, had a great advantage of the other charioteers ? If he had not, why should *Achilles* cast lots ? *Madam Dacier* is of opinion that they all stood a-breast at the barrier, and that the first would still have a sufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and stood within the rest ; whereas the others must take a larger circle, and consequently were forced to run a greater compass of ground. *Phœnix* was plac'd as an inspector of the race, that is, says *Eustathius*, he was to make report whether they had observed the laws of the race in their several turnings.

Sophocles observes the same method with *Homer* in relation to the lots and inspectors, in his *Electra*.

—Οἱ τιταγμένοι βραβεῖς
Κλήροις ἔπηλαν καὶ κατίσθησαν διφρον.

The constituted judges assign'd the places according to the lots.

The ancients say that the charioteers started at the *Sigæum*, where the ships of *Achilles* lay, and ran towards the *Rhæteum*, from the ships towards the shores. But *Aristarchus* affirmed that they run in the compass of ground five *stadia*, which lay between the wall and the tents towards the shore. *Eustathius*.

78 *HOMER'S ILIAD.* BOOK XXIII.

Young *Nestor* leads the race : *Eumelus* then ;
 And next the brother of the King of men : 430
 Thy lot, *Meriones*, the fourth was cast ;
 And far the bravest, *Diomed*, was last.
 They stand in order an impatient train ;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
 And sends before old *Phenix* to the place, 435
 To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
 At once the coursers from the barrier bound ;
 The lifted scourges all at once resound ;
 Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before ;
 And up the champain thunder from the shore : 440
 Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
 And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies ;
 Loose on their shoulders the long manes reclin'd,
 Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind :
 The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound, 445
 Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
 While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
 (Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)
 Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
 They pant, they stretch, they shoot along the plain. 450
 Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)
 At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
 Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
 Tears up the shore, and thunders tow'rd the main.

First

Book XXIII. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 79

First flew *Eumelus* on *Pheretrian* steeds ; 455
 With those of *Tros*, bold *Diomed* succeeds :
 Close on *Eumelus*' back they puff the wind,
 And seem just mounting on his car behind ;
 Full on his neck he feels the saltry breeze,
 And hov'ring o'er, their stretching shadows sees. 460
 Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize ;
 But angry *Phæbus* to *Tydidæ* flies,
 Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
 His matchless horses labour on the plain.
 Rage fills his eye with anguish to survey, 465
 Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.

V. 458. *And seem just mounting on his car behind.*] A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us spectators of the race, we see *Diomed* pressing upon *Eumelus* so closely, that his chariot seems to climb the chariot of *Eumelus*.

V. 465. *Rage fills his eye with anguish to survey, &c.*] We have seen *Diomed* surrounded with innumerable dangers acting in the most perilous scenes of blood and death, yet never shed one tear : And now he weeps on a small occasion, for a mere trifle : This must be ascribed to the nature of mankind, who are often transported with trifles ; and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life ; so that he who could meet the greatest dangers with intrepidity, may thro' anger be betrayed into an Indecency. *Eustathius*.

The reason why *Apollo* is angry at *Diomed*, according to *Eustathius*, is because he was interested for *Eumelus*, whose mares he had fed, when he served *Admetus* ; but I fancy he is under a mistake : This indeed is a reason why he should favour *Eumelus*, but not why he should be angry at *Diomed*. I rather think that the quarrel of *Apollo* with *Diomed* was personal ; because he offered him a violence in the fifth book, and *Apollo* still resents it.

The fiction of *Minerva*'s assisting *Diomed* is grounded upon his being so wise as to take a couple of whips to prevent any mischance : So that *Wisdom*, or *Pallas*, may be said to lend him one. *Eustathius*.

80 HOMER'S *ILIAD*. BOOK XXIII.

The fraud celestial *Pallas* sees with pain,
 Springs to her Knight, and gives the scourge again,
 And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
 She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke; 470
 No more their way the startled horses held;
 The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
 Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
 Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell;
 His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground; 475
 Nose, mouth and front, one undistinguish'd wound:
 Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
 Before him far the glad *Tydidēs* flies;
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
 And crowns him victor of the labour'd race. 480
 The next, tho' distant, *Menelaus* succeeds;
 While thus young *Nestor* animates his steeds.
 Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
 Not that we hope to match *Tydidēs*' horse,
 Since great *Minerva* wings their rapid way, 485
 And gives their Lord the honours of the day.

V. 483. *The speech of Antilochus to his horses.*] I fear *Antilochus* his speech to his horses is blameable; *Eustathius* himself seems to think it a fault that he should speak so much in the very heat of the race. He commands and soothes, counsels and threatens his horses, as if they were reasonable creatures. The subsequent speech of *Menelaus* is more excusable as it is more short, but both of them are spoken in a passion, and anger we know makes us speak to every thing, and we discharge it upon the most senseless objects.

But

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 81

But reach *Atrides*! shall his mare out-go
 Your swiftness? vanquish'd by a female foe?
 Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain
 The last ignoble gift be all we gain; 490
 No more shall *Nestor*'s hand your food supply,
 The old man's fury rises, and ye die.

Haste then; yon' narrow road before your fight
 Presents th' occasion, could we use it right.

Thus he. The courfers at their master's threat 495
 With quicker steps the sounding champain beat.
 And now *Antilochus* with nice survey,
 Observes the compass of the hollow way.

'Twas where by force of wintry torrents torn,
 Fast by the road a precipice was worn: 500

Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng
 The *Spartan* hero's chariot smok'd along.

Close up the vent'rous youth resolves to keep,
 Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the steep.
Atrides, trembling casts his eye below, 505

And wonders at the rashness of his foe.

Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride
 This narrow way; Take larger field (he cry'd)
 Or both must fall—*Atrides* cry'd in vain;

He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein. 510

Far as an able arm the disk can send,
 When youthful rivals their full force extend,

82 *HOMER'S ILIAD: Book XXIII.*

So far, *Antilochus*! thy chariot flew
 Before the King: He, cautious, backward drew
 His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears 515
 The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
 The flound'ring coursers rolling on the plain,
 And conquest lost thro' frantic haste to gain.
 But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;
 Go, furious youth, ungen'rous and unwise! 520
 Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign:
 Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine——
 Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;
 Be swift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
 Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, 525
 With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
 And yield the glory yours—The steeds obey;
 Already at their heels they wing their way,
 And seem already to retrieve the day. }

Meantime the *Grecians* in a ring beheld 530
 The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field:
 The first who mark'd them was the *Cretan* King:
 High on a rising ground, above the ring,
 The Monarch sate: from whence with sure survey
 He well observ'd the chief who led the way, 535
 And heard from far his animating cries,
 And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;

On whose broad front a blaze of shining white,
 Like the full moon, stood obvious to the fight.
 He saw: and rising, to the *Greeks* begun. 540
 Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
 Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
 And other steeds, than lately led the way?
 Those, tho' the swiftest, by some God with-held,
 Lie sure disabled in the middle field: 545
 For since the goal they doubled, round the plain
 I search to find them, but I search in vain.
 Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
 And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
 Shot from the chariot; while his couriers stray 550
 With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
 Rise then some other, and inform my sight,
 (For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)
 Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
 The great *Ætolian* chief, renown'd in war. 555
 Old man! (*Oilus* saithly thus replies)
 Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize.
 Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
 Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chace, 560
 Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race:
 I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,
 And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.

Thus

'Thus he. *Idomeneus* incens'd rejoin'd.
 Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind! 565
 Contentious Prince, of all the *Greeks* beside
 The last in merit, as the first in pride.
 To vile reproach what answer can we make?
 A Goblet or a Tripod let us stake,
 And be the King the Judge. The most unwise 570
 Will learn their rashness, when they pay the price.

V. 565. *The dispute between Idomeneus and Ajax.*] Nothing could be more naturally imagined than this contention at a horse-race: The leaders were divided into parties, and each was interested for his friend: The poet had a two-fold design, not only to embellish and diversify his poem by such natural circumstances, but also to shew us, as *Eustathius* observes, from the conduct of *Ajax*, that passionate men betray themselves into follies, and are themselves guilty of the faults of which they accuse others.

It is with a particular decency that *Homer* makes *Achilles* the arbitrator between *Idomeneus* and *Ajax*: *Agamemnon* was his superior in the army, but as *Achilles* exhibited the shows, he was the proper judge of any difference that should arise about them. Had the contest been between *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, considered as soldiers, the cause must have been brought before *Agamemnon*; but as they are to be considered as spectators of the games, they ought to be determined by *Achilles*.

It may not be unnecessary just to observe to the reader the judiciousness of *Homer's* conduct in making *Achilles* exhibit the games, and not *Agamemnon*: *Achilles* is the hero of the poem, and consequently must be the chief actor in all the great scenes of it: He had remain'd inactive during a great part of the poem, yet the poet makes his very inactivity contribute to the carrying on the design of his *Ilias*: And to supply his absence from many of the busy scenes of the preceding parts of it, he now in the conclusion makes him almost the sole agent: By these means he leaves a noble idea of his hero upon the mind of his reader; as he raised our expectations when he brought him upon the stage of action, so he makes him go off with the utmost pomp and applause.

He

He said: And Ajax by mad passion born,
Stern had reply'd; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extreams. But *Thetis'* godlike son
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun. 575

Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching feeds your contest end. }
No sooner had he spoke, but thund'ring near,
Drives, thro' a stream of dust, the charioteer; 580
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tip and gold,
Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye could find 585
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courfers urg'd their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal *Tydidēs* stands,
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands; 590

V. 581. *High o'er his head the circling lash he wields.*] I am persuaded that the common translation of the word *καλῶμαδος*, in the original of this verse, is faulty; it is rendered, *he lash'd the horses continually over the shoulders*; whereas I fancy it should be translated thus, *assiduo (equos) agitabat scutica ab humero ducta*. This naturally expresses the very action, and whirl of the whip over the driver's shoulder, in the act of lashing the horses, and agrees with the use of the same word in the 431st line of this book, where *ἵπῶν δ' ἰόντων καλῶμαδ' ἰσὶ* must be translated *jactus discei ab humero vibrati*.

86 *HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXIII.*

From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream ;
 The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam :
 With joy brave *Sthenelus* receives the prize,
 The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes :
 These to the ships his train triumphant leads, 595
 The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young *Nester* follows (who by art, not force,
 O'er-past *Atrides*) second in the course.
 Behind, *Atrides* urg'd the race, more near
 Than to the courser in his swift career 600
 The following car, just touching with his heel
 And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel.
 Such, and so narrow now the space between
 The rivals, late so distant on the green ;
 So soon swift *Asthe* her lost ground regain'd, 605
 One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursu'd, at greater distance still,
 With tardier courfers, and inferior skill.
 Last came, *Admetus* ! thy unhappy son ;
 Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on : 610
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun.

Behold ! the man whose matchless art surpass
 The sons of *Greece* ! the ablest, yet the last !

Fortune

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 87

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great *Tydidēs* bears the first away)
To him the second honours of the day.

615 }

The *Greeks* consent with loud applauding cries,
And then *Eumelus* had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful *Nestor*, jealous of his fame,
Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim. 620
Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign
O *Peleus*' son! the more so justly mine.
What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?
Perhaps he fought not heav'n by sacrifice, 625
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet, (distinction to thy friend to show,
And please a soul desirous to bestow,
Some gift must grace *Eumelus*; view thy store
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore, 630
An ample present let him thence receive,
And *Greece* shall praise thy gen'rous thirst to give.

[V. 614. *Fortune denies, but justice, &c.*] *Achilles* here intends to show, that it is not just, fortune should rule over virtue, but that a brave man who had performed his duty, and who did not bring upon himself his misfortune, ought to have the recompence he has deserved: And this principle is just, provided we do not reward him at the expence of another's right: *Eumelus* is a *Thessalian*, and it is probable *Achilles* has a partiality to his countryman. *Dacier*.

But this, my prize, I never shall forego ;

This, who but touches, warriors ! is my foe.

Thus spake the youth ; nor did his words offend ; 635

Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend ;

Achilles smil'd : The gift propos'd (he cry'd)

Antilochus ! we shall ourself provide.

With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er,

(The fame renown'd *Asteropæus* wore) 640

Whose glitt'ring margins rais'd with silver shine,

(No vulgar gift) *Eumelus* shall be thine.

He said : *Automedon* at his command

The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.

Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows 645

With gen'rous joy : Then *Menelaüs* rose ;

The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,

And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.

Not without cause incens'd at *Nestor's* son,

And inly grieving, thus the King begun : 650

V. 633. *But this, my prize, I never shall forego.*—] There is an air of bravery in this discourse of *Antilochus* : He speaks with the generosity of a gallant soldier, and prefers his honour to his interest ; he tells *Achilles* if he pleases he may make *Eumelus* a richer present than his prize ; he is not concerned for the value of it ; but as it was the reward of victory, he would not resign it, because that would be an acknowledgement that *Eumelus* deserved it.

The character of *Antilochus* is admirably sustained through this whole episode ; he is a very sensible man, but transported with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory : His rashness in driving so furiously against *Menelaus* must be imputed to this, but his passions being gratify'd by the conquest in the race, his reason again returns, he owes his error, and is full of resignation to *Menelaus*.

The

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 89

The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
 An act so rash (*Antilochus*) has stain'd.
 Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
 To you, O *Grecians*! be my wrong declar'd:
 So not a leader shall our conduct blame, 655
 Or judge me envious of a rival's fame;
 But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
 What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
 What *Greek* shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
 And vindicate by oath th' ill gotten prize. 660
 Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
 The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand,
 And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent
 Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
 Swear by that God whose liquid arms surround 665
 The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground.
 The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
 Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd;
 Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
 Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense. 670

V. 663. *And touch thy steeds, and swear——*] 'Tis evident, says *Eustathius*, from hence, that all fraud was forbid in the chariot race; but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit *Antilochus* used against *Menelaus*: Perhaps *Antilochus* in his haste had declined from the race-ground, and avoided some of the uneven places of it, and consequently took an unfair advantage of his adversary; or perhaps his driving so furiously against *Menelaus*, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckoned fool play; and therefore *Antilochus* refuses to take the oath.

Ther

Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
 Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
 The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
 The Mare, or ought thou ask'st, be freely thine,
 E'er I become (from thy dear friendship torn) 575
 Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.

So spake *Antilochus*; and at the word
 The Mare contested to the King restor'd.
 Joy swells his soul, as when the vernal grain
 Lifts the green ear above the springing plain, 680
 The fields their vegetable life renew,
 And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
 Such Joy the *Spartan's* shining face o'er-spread
 And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said,

Still may our souls, O gen'rous youth! agree, 685
 'Tis now *Atrides'* turn to yield to thee.
 Rash heat perhaps a moment might controul,
 Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.

V. 679. *Joy swells his soul, as when the vernal grain, &c.* *Eu-
 statius* is very large in the explication of this similitude, which at
 the first view seems obscure: His words are these:

As the dew raises the blades of corn, that are for want of it weak
 and depressed, and by pervading the pores of the corn animates and
 makes it flourish, so did the behaviour of *Antilochus* raise the dejected
 mind of *Menelaus*, exalt his spirits, and restore him to a full Satis-
 faction.

I have given the reader his interpretation, and translated it with
 the liberty of poetry: It is very much in the language of Scripture,
 and in the spirit of the Orientals.

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 91

Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
To wave contention with superior sway; 690
For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Gen'rous alike, for me, the fire and son 695
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.

He said; and pleas'd his passion to command,
Resign'd the courser to *Noëman's* hand, 700
Friend of the youthful chief: Himself content,
The shining charger to his vessel sent.
The golden talents *Merion* next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to rev'rend *Nestor* bears, 705
And thus the purpose of his gift declares.

Accept thou this, O sacred fire! (he said)
In dear memorial of *Patroclus* dead;

Dead,

V. 707. *Accept thou this, O sacred fire!*] The poet in my opinion preserves a great deal of decency towards this old hero and venerable counsellor: He gives him an honorary reward for his superior wisdom, and therefore *Achilles* calls it *ἀεθλον*, and not *δῶρον*, a prize; and not a present. The moral of *Homer* is, that princes ought no less to honour and recompence those who excel in wisdom and counsel, than those who are capable of actual service.

Achilles,

Dead, and for ever lost *Patroclus* lies,
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes! 710

'Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, the pond'rous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.
Thy present vigour age has overthrown, 715
But left the glory of the past thy own.

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;

With joy, the venerable King reply'd.

Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd! 720
Too

Achilles, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this respect, not only out of deference to his age, and wisdom, but also because he had in a manner won the prize by the advice he gave his son; so that *Nestor* may be said to have conquered in the person of *Antilochus*. *Eustathius*.

V. 719. *Nestor's speech to Achilles*.] This speech is admirably well adapted to the character of *Nestor*: He aggrandizes, with an infirmity peculiar to age, his own exploits; and one would think *Horace* had him in his eye,

————— *Laudatur temporis ætæ*

Sæ puer —————

Neither is it any blemish to the character of *Nestor* thus to be a little talkative about his own achievements: To have described him otherwise, would have been an outrage to human nature, in as much as the wisest man living is not free from the infirmities of man; and as every stage of life has some imperfection peculiar to itself.

————— "Ο μὲν ἔμπειρος ἡνόχουσιν.

————— "Εμπειρὸν ἡνόχευ.

The

Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
 These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
 Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
 Known thro' *Buprasium* and the *Pylian* shore!
 Victorious then in ev'ry solemn game, 725
 Ordain'd to *Amárynces'* mighty name;
 The brave *Epeians* gave my glory way,
Ætolians, *Pylians*, all resign'd the day,

The reader may observe that the old man takes abundance of pains to give reasons how his rivals came to be victors in the chariot-race: He is very solicitous to make it appear that it was not thro' any want of skill or power in himself: And in my opinion *Nestor* is never more vain-glorious than in this recital of his own disappointment.

It is for the same reason he repeats the words I have cited above: He obtrudes (by that repetition) the disadvantages under which he laboured, upon the observation of the reader, for fear he should impute the loss of the victory to his want of skill.

Nestor says that these *Moliones* overpowered him by their number. The critics, as *Eusebius* remarks, have laboured hard to explain this difficulty; they tell us a formal story, that when *Nestor* was ready to enter the lists against these brothers, he objected against them as unfair adversaries, (for it must be remembered that they were monsters that grew together, and consequently had four hands to *Nestor's* two) but the judges would not allow his plea, but determin'd that as they grew together, so they ought to be considered as one man.

Others tell us that they brought several chariots into the lists, whose charioteers combined together in favour of *Eurytus*, and *Creatus*, these brother-monsters.

Others say, that the multitude of spectators conspired to disappoint *Nestor*.

I thought it necessary to give my reader these several conjectures that he might understand why *Nestor* says he was overpowered by *Πλάθεις*, or numbers; and also, because it confirms my former observation, that *Nestor* is very careful to draw his own picture in the strongest colours, and to shew it in the fairest light.

I quell'd

94 *HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XXIII.*

I quell'd *Clytemedes* in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd *Ancæus* on the sand, 730
Surpass'd *Iphyclus* in the swift career,
Phyleus and *Polydorus*, with the spear.

The sons of *Athor* won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force :
For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey, 735
Prize after prize by *Nestor* born away,

Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One lash'd the coursers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds: 740

I yield alas! (to age who must not yield?)
Tho' once the foremost hero of the field.

Go thou! my son! by gen'rous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present, 745
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)

Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous *Greeks*, to see
Not one but honours sacred age and me :
Those due distinctions thou so well can'st pay,
May the just Gods return another day. 750

Proud of the Gift, thus spake the Full of Days :
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.

' The prizes next are ordered to the field,
For the bold champions who the *Gaſſus* wield.

A stately

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILLIAD. 95

A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke, 755

Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,

Is to the *Circus* led, and firmly bound;

Next stands a goblet, massy, large and round.

Achilles rising thus: Let *Greece* excite

Two equal heroes to this hardy fight; 760

Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,

And rush beneath the long descending stroke?

On whom *Apollo* shall the palm bestow,

And whom the *Greeks* supreme by conquest know,

This mule his dauntless labours shall repay; 765

The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.

This dreadful combat great *Epeus* chose,

High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he rose,

And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:

Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away! 770

(Price of his ruin :) For who dares deny

This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.

Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,

But the first honours of this fight are mine;

For who excels in all? Then let my foe 775

Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,

Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,

Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:

So let his friends be nigh, a needful train

To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain. 780

The

The Giant spoke ; and in a stupid gaze
 The host beheld him, silent with amazement
 'Twas thou, *Euryalus* ! who durst aspire
 To meet his might, and emulate thy fire ;
 The great *Mecistbeus* ; who in days of yore 785
 In *Theban* games the noblest trophy bore,
 (The games ordain'd dead *Oedipus* to grace)
 And singly vanquish'd the *Cadmean* race.
 Him great *Tydidēs* urges to contend,
 Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend, 790
 Officious with the cincture girds him round ;
 And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
 Amid the circle now each champion stands,
 And poises high in air his iron hands ;
 With clashing gantlets now they fiercely close, 795
 Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
 And painful sweat from all their members flows.
 At length *Epeus* dealt a weighty blow,
 Full on the cheek of his unwary foe ;
 Beneath that pond'rous arm's resistless sway 800
 Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
 As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
 By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
 Lies panting : Not less batter'd with his wound,
 The bleeding hero pants upon the ground, 805

To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends
 Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
 Whose arms support him, reeling thro' the throng,
 And dragging his disabled legs along;
 Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er; 810
 His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
 Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
 His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game *Achilles* next demands,
 And calls the Wrestlers to the level sands: 815
 A massy Tripod for the victor lies,
 Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
 And next, the losers spirits to restore,
 A female captive, valu'd but at four.
 Scarce did the chief the vig'rous strife propose, 820
 When tow'r-like *Ajax* and *Ulysses* rose.
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
 Embracing rigid with implicit hands:

V. 819. *A female captive, valu'd but at four.*] I cannot in civility neglect a remark made upon this passage by *Madam Dacier*; who highly resents the affront put upon her Sex by the ancients, who set (it seems) thrice the value upon a *Tripod* as upon a beautiful female slave: Nay, she is afraid the value of women is not raised even in our days; for she says there are curious persons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, than the finest woman alive: I confess I intirely agree with the lady, and must impute such opinions of the fair sex to want of taste in both ancients and moderns: The reader may remember that these tripods were of no use, but made intirely for show; and consequently the most satyirical critick could only say, the Woman and *Tripod* ought to have born an equal value.

98 HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXIII.

Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
 Below, their planted feet at distance fixt: 825
 Like two strong rafters which the builder forms
 Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,
 Their tops connected, but at wider space
 Fixt on the centre stands their solid base.
 Now to the grasp each manly body bends; 830
 The humid sweat from ev'ry pore descends;
 Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
 Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.
 Nor could *Ulysses*, for his art renown'd,
 O'erturn the strength of *Ajax* on the ground; 835
 Nor could the strength of *Ajax* overthrow
 The watchful caution of his artful foe.
 While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers on,
 Thus to *Ulysses* spoke great *Telamon*.
 Or let me lift thee, Chief, or lift thou me: 840
 Prove we our force, and *Jove* the rest decree.
 He said; and straining, heav'd him off the ground
 With matchless strength; that time *Ulysses* found

V. 826. *Like two strong rafters, &c.*] I will give the reader the words of *Eusebius* upon this similitude, which very happily represents the wrestlers in the posture of wrestling. Their heads leaned one against the other, like the rafters that support the roof of a house; at the foot they are disjoined, and stand at a greater distance, which naturally paints the attitude of body in these two wrestlers, while they contend for victory.

The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
 His ankle strook : The Giant fell supine ; 845
Ulysses following, on his bosom lies ;
 Shouts of applause run ratt'ling thro' the skies :
Ajax to lift, *Ulysses* next essays,
 He barely stir'd him, but he could not raise :
 His knee lock'd ifalt, the foe's attempt deny'd ; 850
 And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
 Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll
 Still breathing strife, and unsubdu'd of soul :
 Again they rage, again to combat rise ;
 When great *Achilles* thus divides the prize. 855
 'Your nobler vigour, oh my friends, restrain ;
 Nor weary out your gen'rous strength in vain,
 Ye both have won : Let others who excel,
 Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.

V. 849. *He barely stir'd him, but he could not raise.*] The poet by this circumstance excellently maintains the character of *Ajax*, who has all along been described as a strong, unwieldy warrior : He is so heavy, that *Ulysses* can scarce lift him. The words that follow will bear a different meaning, either that *Ajax* locked his leg within that of *Ulysses*, or that *Ulysses* did it. *Eusebius* observes, that if *Ajax* gave *Ulysses* this shock, then he may be allowed to have some appearance of an equality in the contest ; but if *Ulysses* gave it, then *Ajax* must be acknowledged to have been foiled : But (continues he) it appeared to be otherwise to *Achilles*, who was the judge of the field, and therefore he gives them an equal prize, because they were equal in the contest.

Madam *Dacier* misrepresents *Eusebius* on this place, in saying he thinks it was *Ulysses* who gave the second stroke to *Ajax*, whereas it appears by the foregoing note that he rather determines otherwise in consent with the judgment given by *Achilles*.

100 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XXIV.

The hero's wounds the willing chiefs obey, 860
 From their tir'd bodies wipe the dast away,
 And, cloath'd anew, the following games survey. }
 And now succeed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
 The youths contending in the rapid race.
 A silver urn that full six measures held, 865
 By none in weight or workmanship excell'd:
 Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
 Elaborate, with artifice divine;
 Whence *Tyrian* sailors did the prize transport,
 And gave to *Thoas* at the *Lamian* port: 870
 From him descended good *Eumæus* heir'd
 The glorious gift; and, for *Lycaon* spar'd,
 To brave *Patroclus* gave the rich reward. }
 Now, the same hero's fun'ral sites to grace,
 It stands the prize of swiftness in the race. 875
 A well-fed Ox was for the second plac'd;
 And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train:
 Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
 Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain. 880 }
 The hero said, and starting from his place,
Qilean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass
 His youthful equals, *Nestor's* son the last.

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 101

Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand; 885
Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
 All start at once; *Oileus* leads the race;
 The next *Ulysses* meas'ring pace with pass;
 Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
 As closely following as the running thread 890
 The spindle follows, and displays the charms
 Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
 Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
 And treads each footstep e'er the dust can rise:
 His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays! 895
 Th' admiring *Greeks* loud acclamations raise,
 To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
 And send their souls before him as he flies.
 Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
 The panting chief to *Pallas* lifts his soul: 900
 Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)
 And present at his thought, descends the Maid.
 Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he seems to swim,
 And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

V. 901. *Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd.)*] Nothing could be better adapted to the present circumstances of *Ulysses* than this prayer: It is short, and ought to be so, because the time would not allow him to make a longer: nay he prefers this petition mentally, ὦ νῆαρά θύμῳ; all his faculties are so bent upon the race, that he does not call off his attention from it, even to speak so short a petition as seven words, which comprehend the whole of it: Such passages as these are instances of great judgment in the poet.

All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain, 905

Unhappy *Ajax* stumbles on the plain ;

(O'erturn'd by *Pallas*) where the slipp'ry shore

Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore.

(The self-same place beside *Patroclus*' pyre,

Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire) 910

Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,

Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay ;

The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,

And left the urn *Ulysses*' rich reward.

Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast, 915

The baffled hero thus the *Greeks* address.

Accursed fate ! the conquest I forego.

A mortal I, a Goddess was my foe ;

She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,

And *Pallas*, not *Ulysses*, won the day. 920

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputt'ring dirt and gore,

A burst of laughter echo'd thro' the shore.

Antilochus, more hum'rous than the rest,

Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest, 925

Why with our wiser elders should we strive ?

The Gods still love them, and they always thrive.

V. 924. *And takes it with a jest.*] *Antilochus* comes off very well, and wittily prevents raillery ; by attributing the victory of his rivals to the protection which the Gods gave to age. By this he insinuates, that he has something to comfort himself with ; (for youth is better than the prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the same protection, since it is a privilege of seniority. *Dacier.*

Ye see, to *Ajax* I must yield the prize :
 He to *Ulysses*, still more aged and wise ;
 (A green old age unconscious of decays,
 That proves the hero born in better days !)

930

Behold his vigour in this active race !

Achilles only boasts a swifter pace :

For who can match *Achilles* ? He who can,

Must yet be more than hero, more than man.

Th' effect succeeds the speech. *Pelides* cries, 235

Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.

Nor *Greece* in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd ;

Receive a talent of the purest gold.

The youth departs content. The host admire

The son of *Nestor*, worthy of his fire. 940

Next these a buckler, spear and helm, he brings,

Casts on the plain the brazen burthen rings :

Arms, which of late divine *Sarpedon* wore,

And great *Patroclus* in short triumph bore.

V. 933. *For who can match Achilles?*] There is great art in these transient complements to *Achilles* : That hero could not possibly shew his own superiority in these games by contending for any of the prizes, because he was the exhibiter of the sports : But *Homer* has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot race *Achilles* is represented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he speaks it himself, the poet brings it in so happily, that he speaks it without any indecency : And in this place *Ambrosius* with a very good grace tells *Achilles*, that in the foot-race no one can dispute the prize with him. Thus tho' *Diomed* and *Ulysses* conquer in the chariot and foot-race, it is only because *Achilles* is not their antagonist.

Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries) 945
 Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
 Now grace the lists before our army's fight,
 And sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
 Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
 And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore; 950
 The sword, *Asteropus* possess of old,
 (A *Thracian* blade, distinct with studs of gold)
 Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:
 These arms in common let the chief divide:
 For each brave champion, when the combat ends, 955
 A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
 Fierce at the word, uprose great *Pyrrhus*' son,
 And the huge bulk of *Ajax Telamon*.
 Clad in resplendent steel, on either hand,
 The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand: 960

V. 949. *Who first the jointed armour shall explore.*] Some of the ancients have been shocked at this combat, thinking it a barbarity that men in sport should thus contend for their lives; and therefore *Aristophanes* the Grammarian made this alteration in the verses.

Ὀπώτιός τις πρῶτος ἐπιγυγίλας χροῖα καλὴν
 Φθίη ἐκινεζόμενος διὰ δ' ἔντια, &c.

But it is evident that they intirely mistook the meaning and intention of *Achilles*; for he that gave the first wound was to be accounted the victor. How could *Achilles* promise to entertain them, both in his tent after the combat, if he intended that one of them should fall in it? This duel therefore was only a trial of skill, and as such single combats were frequent in the wars of those ages against adversaries, so this was proposed only to shew the dexterity of the combatants in that exercise. *Eustathius*.

Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the fight;
 Each *Argive* bosom beats with fierce delight.
 Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
 But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
 A furious pass the spear of *Ajax* made 965
 Thro' the broad shield, but at the corset stay'd:
 Not thus the foe: His jav'lin aim'd above
 The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
 But *Greece* now trembling for her hero's life,
 Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife. 970
 Yet still the victor's due *Tydidæ* gains,
 With him the sword and studded belt remains.
 Then hurl'd the hero, thundring on the ground
 A mass of iron, (an enormous round)
 Whose weight and size the circling *Greeks* admire, 975
 Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.

V. 971. *Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains.*] *Achilles* in this place acts the part of a very just arbitrator: Though the combat did not proceed to a full issue, yet *Diomed* had evidently the advantage, and consequently ought to be rewarded as victor, because he would have been victorious, had not the *Greeks* interposed.

I could have wished that the poet had given *Ajax* the prize in some of these contests. He undoubtedly was a very gallant soldier, and has been described as repulsing a whole army: yet in all these sports he is foiled. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this representation, not only to shew, that strength without conduct is usually unsuccessful, but also his design might be to complement the *Greeks* his countrymen; by shewing that this *Ajax*, who had repelled a whole army of *Trojans*, was not able to conquer any one of the *Grecian* worthies: For we find him overpowered in three of these exercises.

This mighty Quoit *Aetion* wont to rear,
 And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
 The Giant by *Achilles* slain, he stow'd
 Among his spoils this memorable load. 980
 For this, he bids these nervous artists vie,
 That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
 Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise,
 Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize:
 If he be one, enrich'd with large domain 985
 Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
 Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
 His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd
 From hence: nor ask the neighb'ring city's aid,
 For plowshares, wheels, and all the rural trade. 990
 Steep *Polypætes* steep before the throng,
 And great *Leonteus*, more than mortal strong;
 Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
 Uprose great *Ajax*; up *Epeus* rose.

V. 985. *If he be one enriched, &c.*] The poet in this place speaks in the simplicity of ancient times: The prodigious weight and size of the Quoit is described with a noble plainness, peculiar to the Oriental way, and agreeable to the manners of those heroick ages. He does not set down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, neither as to its bigness nor weight, but as to the use it will be of to him who shall gain it. We see from hence, that the ancients in the prizes they proposed, had in view not only the honourable, but the useful; a captive for work, a bull for tillage, a quoit for the provision of iron. Besides, it must be remembred, that in those times iron was very scarce; and a sure sign of this scarcity, is, that their arms were brass, *Eustorgius*, *Dacier*.

Each

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S *ILLIAD*. 107

Each stood in order: First *Epeus* threw; 995

High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling circle flew.

Leonteus next a little space surpast,

And third, the strength of godlike *Ajax* cast.

O'er both their marks it flew; 'till fiercely flung

From *Polypates*' arm, the *Discus* fung: 1000

Far, as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,

That distant falls among the grazing cows,

So past them all the rapid circle flies:

His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies)

With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize. 1005

Those who in skilful archery contend

He next invites the twanging bow to bend:

And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,

(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound.)

The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore, 1010

The hero fixes in the sandy shore:

To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,

The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.

Whose weapon strikes yon' flutt'ring bird, shall bear

These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war; 1015

The squire, he, whose shaft divides the cord.

He said: Experienc'd *Merion* took the word;

And skilful *Tenzer*: In the helm they threw

Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.

Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies; 1020

But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice,

Na

No firfling lambs, unheedful! didft thou vow
 To *Phœbus*, patron of the shaft and bow.
 For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd afide
 Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd: 1025
 A-down the main-maft fell the parted ftring,
 And the free bird to heav'n difplays her wing:
 Seas, fhores, and fkie's with loud applaufe refound,
 And *Merion* eager meditates the wound:
 He takes the bow, directs the fhaf't above, 1030
 And following with his eye the foaring dove,

V. 1030. *He takes the bow.*] There having been many editions of *Homer*, that of *Marseilles* represents thefe two rivals in archery as uſing two bows in the conteſt; and reads the verſes thus,

Σπέρχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐπέθη κατ' οὔρον
 Τόξω ἐν γὰρ χερσὶν ἔχει πάλα, ὡς ἴθουν.

Our common editions follow the better alteration of *Antimachus*, with this only difference, that he reads it

Ἐξείρυσεν τὴν τε τόξον. And they, Ἐξείρυσεν χερσὶς τόξον.

It is evident that theſe archers had but one bow, as they that threw the quoit had but one quoit; by theſe means the one had no advantage over the other, becauſe both of them ſhot with the ſame bow. So that the common reading is undoubtedly the beſt, where the lines ſtand thus,

Σπέρχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσεν χερσὶς οὔρ τὴν τε
 Τόξον, ἀτὰρ δὲ οὔρον ἔχει πάλα, ὡς ἴθουν. *Euſtathius*.

This *Tenar* is the moſt eminent man for archery of any thro' the whole *Iliad*, yet he is here excelled by *Meriones*: And the poet aſcribes his miſcarriages to the neglect of invoking *Apollo*, the God of archery; whereas *Meriones*, who invokes him, is crowned with ſucceſs. There is an excellent moral in this paſſage, and the poet would teach us, that without addreſſing to heaven we cannot ſucceed: *Meriones* does not conquer becauſe he is the better archer, but becauſe he is the better man.

Implores

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 109

Implores the God to speed it thro' the skies,
 With vows of firfling lambs, and grateful facifice.
 The dove, in airy circles as the wheels,
 Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels; 1035
 Quite thro' and thro' the point its paffage found,
 And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
 The wounded bird, e'er yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
 With flapping wings alighted on the maſt,
 A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there, 1040
 Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
 From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder riſe,
 And to the ſhips brave *Merion* bears the prize.
 To cloſe the fun'ral games, *Achilles* laſt.
 A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd, 1045
 And ample charger of unſullied frame,
 With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
 For theſe he bids the herques prove their art,
 Whoſe dextrous ſkill directs the flying dart.
 Here too great *Merion* hopes the noble prize; 1050
 Nor here diſdain'd the King of men to riſe.

With

V. 1051. *Nor here diſdain'd the King of men to riſe.*] There is an admirable conduct in this paſſage; *Agamemnon* never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value; ſo that he is a candidate for this, only to honour *Patroclus* and *Achilles*. The decency which the poet uſes both in the choice of the game, in which *Agamemnon* is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a conteſt, is very remarkable: The game was a warlike exerciſe, ſet for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a conteſt.

With joy *Pelides* saw the honour paid,
Rose to the Monarch, and respectful said.

Thou first in virtue, as in pow'r supreme,
O King of Nations! all thy *Greeks* proclaim; 1055
In ev'ry martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest, and their best.
Take then the prize, but let brave *Merion* bear
This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.

Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear, 1060
The King to *Merion* gives the brazen spear:
But, set apart for sacred use, commands
The glitt'ring charger to *Talthybius*' hands.

a contest is a decency judiciously observed, because no one ought to be supposed to excel the general in any military art: *Agamemnon* does justice to his own character, for whereas he had been represented by *Achilles* in the opening of the poem as a covetous person, he now puts in for the prize that is of the least value, and generously gives even that to *Talthybius*. *Eustathius*.

As to this last particular, of *Agamemnon*'s presenting the charger to *Talthybius*, I can't but be of a different opinion. It had been an affront to *Achilles* not to have accepted of his present on this occasion, and I believe the words of *Homer*,

Ταλθύβι' κήρυκε δίδω περιπαλλὲς ἄϊθλον,

mean no more, than that he put it into the hands of this herald to carry it to his ships; *Talthybius* being by his office an attendant upon *Agamemnon*.

IT will be expected I should here say something tending to a comparison between the games of *Homer* and those of *Virgil*. If I may own my private opinion, there is in general more variety of natural incidents, and a more lively picture of natural passions, in the games and persons of *Homer*. On the other hand, there seems to me more art, contrivance, gradation, and a greater pomp of verse in those of *Virgil*. The chariot-race is that which *Homer* has most labour'd, of which *Virgil* being sensible, he judiciously avoided the imitation of what he could not improve, and substituted in its place the naval course, or ship-race. It is in this the *Roman* poet has employ'd all his force, as if on set purpose to rival his great master; but it is extremely observable how constantly he keeps *Homer* in his eye, and is afraid to depart from his very track, even when he had vary'd the subject itself. Accordingly the accidents of the naval course have a strange resemblance with those of *Homer's* chariot-race. He could not forbear at the very beginning to draw a part of that description into a simile. Do not we see he has *Homer's* chariots in his head, by these lines;

*Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus.
Nec sic immixtis aurigæ undantia lora
Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.*

Æn. v. ver. 144.

What is the encounter of *Gloanthus* and *Gyas* in the strait between the rocks, but the same with that of *Menelaus* and *Antilochus* in the hollow way? Had the galley of *Sergefus* been broken, if the chariot of *Eumelus* had not been demolished? Or *Mnestheus* been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat? Does not *Mnestheus* exhort his rowers in the very words *Antilochus* had us'd to his horses?

*Non jam prima peto Mæstheus, neque vincere certo.
Quamquam O! sed superent quibus hoc Neptune dedisti;
Extremos pudeat rediisse! hoc vincite, ciues,
Et prohibete nefas*———

Ἐμῆστον, καὶ σφῶν τυτάρησιν ὅτι τάχιστα.

Ἢ τοι μὲν κτείοισιν ἱριζέμεν ὅτι πλεύνω
Τυδείδην ἵπποισι δαΐφρονας, οἷσιν Ἀθήνη
Νῦν ἄριξί τάχος

Ἰάκωβος

Ἴσμευ δ' Ἀτρεΐδαο κίχοντι, μηδὲ λίπησθαι,
 Καρπαλίμως, μὴ σφῶν ἰδύκλειη καταχευή
 Ἀἰὲν ὁπλῶς ἰύσασα—————

Upon the whole, the description of the sea-race I think has the more poetry and majesty, that of the chariots more natural and lively incidents. There is nothing in *Virgil* so picturesque, so animated, or which so much marks the characters, as the episodes of *Antiloebus* and *Menelaus*, *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, with that beautiful interposition of old *Nestor*, (so naturally introduced into an affair where one so little expects him.) On the other side, in *Virgil* the description itself is nobler; it has something more ostentatiously grand, and seems a spectacle more worthy the presence of princes and great persons.

In three other games we find the *Roman* poet contending openly with the *Grecian*. That of the *Cæstus* is in great part a verbal translation: But it must be owned in favour of *Virgil*, that he has vary'd from *Homer* in the event of the combat with admirable judgment and with an improvement of the moral. *Epeus* and *Dares* are described by both poets as vain boasters; but *Virgil* with more poetical justice punishes *Dares* for his arrogance, whereas the presumption and pride of *Epeus* is rewarded by *Homer*.

On the contrary, in the *foot-race*, I am of opinion, that *Homer* has shewn more judgment and morality than *Virgil*. *Nisus* in the latter is unjust to his adversary in favour of his friend *Euryalus*; so that *Euryalus* wins the race by a palpable fraud, and yet the poet gives him the first prize; whereas *Homer* makes *Ulysses* victorious purely through the mischance of *Ajax*, and his own piety in invoking *Minerva*.

The *shooting* is also a direct copy, but with the addition of two circumstances which make a beautiful gradation. In *Homer* the first archer cuts the string that held the bird, and the other shoots him as he is mounting. In *Virgil* the first only hits the mast which the bird was fixed upon, the second cuts the string, the third shoots him, and the fourth to vaunt the strength of his arm directs his arrow up to heaven, where it kindles into a flame, and makes a prodigy. This last is certainly superior to *Homer* in what they call the *wonderful*: But what is the *intent* or *effect* of this prodigy, or whether a reader is not at least as much surprized at it, as at the most unreasonable parts in *Homer*, I leave to those critics who are more inclined to find faults than I am: Nor shall I observe upon the many literal imitations in the *Roman* poet, to object against which were to derogate from the merit of those fine passages, which *Virgil* was so very sensible of, that he was resolv'd to take them, at any rate, to himself.

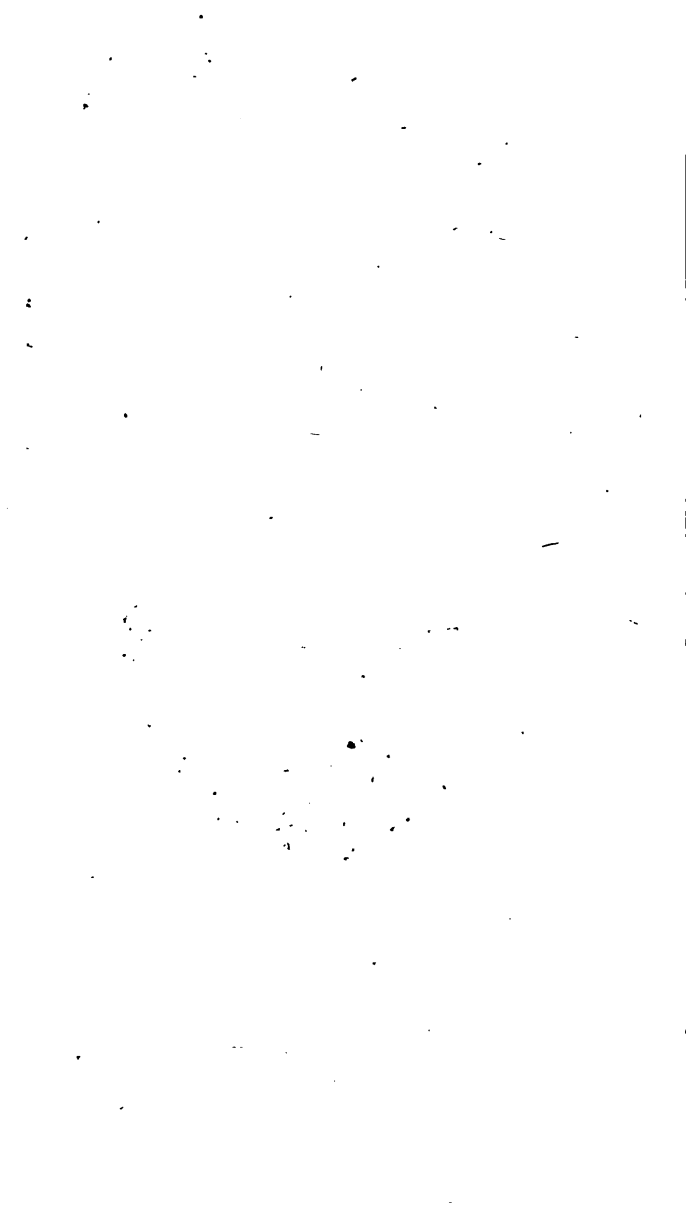
There remain in *Homer* three games untouched by *Virgil*; the *wrestling*, the *single combat*, and the *Discus*. In *Virgil* there is only the

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the *Lusus Trojæ* added, which is purely his own, and must be confessed to be inimitable; I don't know whether I may be allowed to say, it is worth all those three of *Homer*?

I could not forgive myself if I omitted to mention in this place the funeral games in the sixth *Thebaid* of *Statius*; it is by much the most beautiful book of that poem. It's very remarkable, that he has followed *Homer* through the whole course of his games: There is the chariot-race, the foot-race, the *Discus*, the *Cæstus*, the wrestling, the single combat (which is put off in the same manner as in *Homer*) and the shooting; which last ends (as in *Virgil*) with a prodigy. Yet in the particular descriptions of each of these games this poet has not borrowed from either of his predecessors, and his poem is so much the worse for it.







THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.





The ARGUMENT.

The redemption of the body of *Hector*.

THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of *Hector's* body.

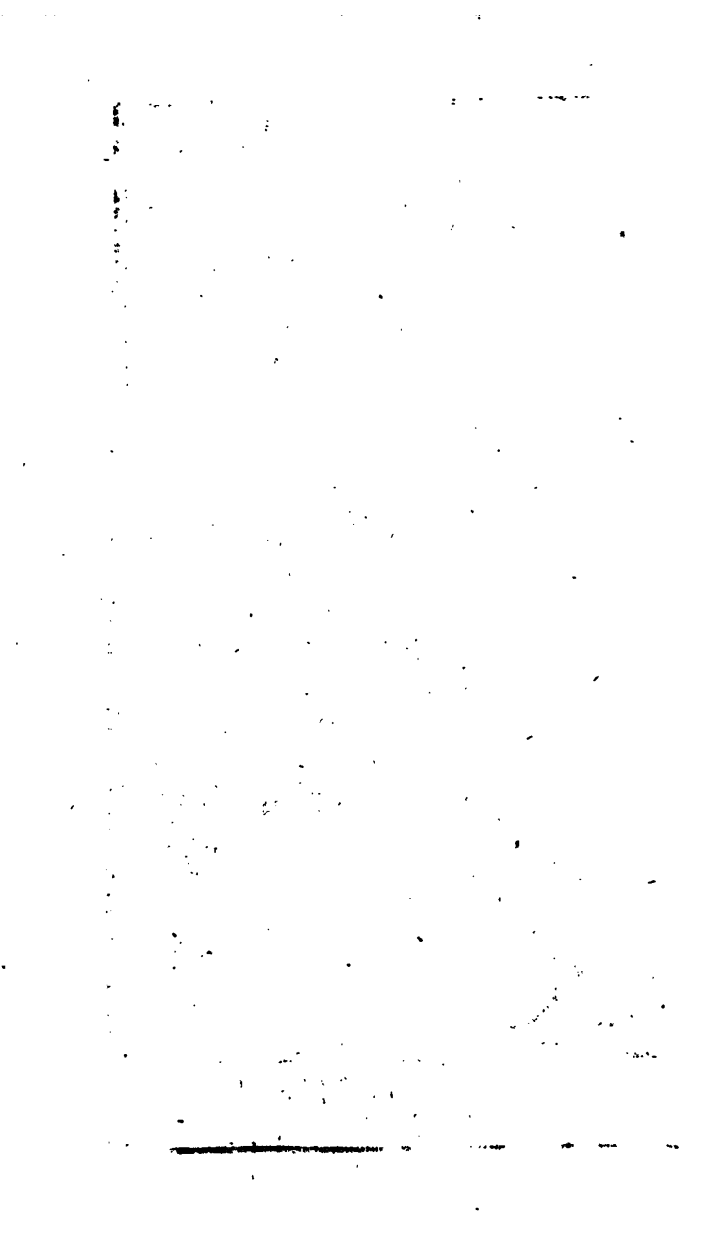
Jupiter sends *Thetis* to *Achilles* to dispose him for the restoring it, and *Iris* to *Priam*, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old King, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his Queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an Omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents under the charge of *Idæus* the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of *Achilles*. Their conversation on the way. *Priam* finds *Achilles* at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; *Achilles*, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: The *Trojans* run out to meet him. The lamentations of *Andromache*, *Hecuba* and *Helen*, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of *Hector* lies in the tent of *Achilles*: And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in *Achilles's* camp, and partly in *Troy*.

T H E



Paris, extremely afflicted at Achilles's inhumanity to the Body of Hector, which he disgracefully drags three times a day round Patroclus's Tomb, comes to him & beseeches that Prince touch'd with his Grief & Submission, grants his Request which is followed with Magnificent Funerals celebrated by the Trojans for Hector. R. XXIV.





THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

NOW from the finish'd games the *Grecian* band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crouded
Strand :

All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so *Achilles* : Ha, to grief resign'd, 5
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.

Restless

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Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
 And all his soul on his *Patroclus* fed: 10
 The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
 That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
 What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
 What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought;
 All past before him in remembrance dear, 15
 Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
 And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
 Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:

V. 14. *What seas they measur'd, &c.*] There is something very noble in these sentiments of *Achilles*: He does not recollect any soft moments, any tenderesses that had passed between him and *Patroclus*, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by sea, in which they had been companions: Thus the poet on all occasions admirably sustains the character of *Achilles*; when he play'd upon the harp in the ninth book, he sung the achievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatness in his very sorrows: *Achilles* is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

This passage in *Homer* has not escap'd the censure of *Plato*, who thought it a diminution to his character to be thus transported with grief; but the objection will vanish, if we remember that all the passions of *Achilles* are in the extreme; his nature is violent, and it would have been an outrage to his general character to have represented him as mourning moderately for his friend. *Plato* spoke more like a philosopher than a critic when he blam'd the behaviour of *Achilles* as unmanly: These tears would have ill become *Plato*, but they are graceful in *Achilles*.

Besides, there is something very instructive in this whole representation; it shews us the power of a sincere friendship, and softens and recommends the character of *Achilles*; the violence he us'd towards his enemy is alleviated by the sincerity he expresses towards his friend; he is a terrible enemy, but amiable friend.

Then

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 119

Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes. 20
 There as the solitary mourner raves,
 The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves :
 Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd ;
 The chariot flies, and *Heſtor* trails behind.
 And thrice *Patroclus* ! round thy monument 25
 Was *Heſtor* dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
 There sleep at laſt o'ercomes the hero's eyes ;
 While foul in duſt th' unhonour'd carcaſe lies,
 But not deſerted by the pitying ſkies. }
 For *Phœbus* watch'd it with ſuperior care, 30
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air ;
 And ignominious as it ſwept the field,
 Spread o'er the ſacred corſe his golden ſhield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and *Hermes* will'd to go
 By ſtealth to ſnatch him from th' insulting foe : 35
 But *Neptune* this, and *Pallas* this denies,
 And th' unrelenting Emprefs of the ſkies :
 E'er

V. 30. For *Phœbus* watch'd it, &c.] *Eustathius* ſays, that by this ſhield of *Apollo* are meant the clouds that are drawn up by the beams of the ſun, which cooling and qualifying the fultrineſs of the air, preſerved the body from decay : But perhaps the poet had ſomething farther in his eye when he introduced *Apollo* upon this occaſion : *Apollo* is a phyſician and the God of medicaments ; if therefore *Achilles* uſed any arts to preſerve *Heſtor* from decay, that he might be able the longer to inſult his remains, *Apollo* may properly be ſaid to protect it with his *Ægis*.

V. 36. But *Neptune* this, and *Pallas* this denies.] It is with excellent art that the poet carries on this part of the poem : he ſhews

E'er since that day implacable to *Troy*,
 What time young *Paris*, simple shepherd boy,

Won

that he could have contrived another way to recover the body of *Hector*; but as a God is never to be introduced but when human means fail, he rejects the interposition of *Mercury*, makes use of ordinary methods, and *Priam* redeems his son: This gives an air of probability to the relation, at the same time that it advances the glory of *Achilles*; for the greatest of his enemies labours to purchase his favour, the Gods hold a consultation, and a King becomes his supplicant. *Eusebius*.

Those seven lines, from *Κλέφει δ' ἀνθρώπων* to *Μαχλοσύνη* ἀλεγμένη, have been thought spurious by some of the ancients: They judg'd it as an indecency that the goddesses of wisdom and *Achilles* should be equally ignominious; and that it was below the majesty of the Gods to be said to steal. Besides, say they, had *Homer* been acquainted with the judgment of *Paris*, he would undoubtedly have mentioned it before this time in his poem, and consequently that story was of a later invention: And *Aristarchus* affirms that *Μαχλοσύνη* is a more modern word, and never known before the time of *Hesiod*, who uses it when he speaks of the daughters of *Prætus*; and adds, that it is appropriated to signify the incontinence of women, and cannot be at all applied to men: Therefore others read the last verse,

Ἥ οἱ περ χαρισμένα δῶρ' ὀνόμηνε.

These objections are intirely gathered from *Eusebius*; to which we may add, that *Macrobius* seems to have been one of those who rejected these verses, since he affirms that our author never mentions the judgment of *Paris*. It may be answered, that the silence of *Homer* in the foregoing part of the poem, as to the judgment of *Paris*, is no argument that he was ignorant of that story: Perhaps he might think it most proper to unfold the cause of the destruction of *Troy* in the conclusion of the *Iliad*; that the reader seeing the wrong done, and the punishment of that wrong immediately following, might acknowledge the justice of it.

The same reason will be an answer to the objection relating to the anger of *Pallas*: Wisdom cannot be satisfied without Justice, and consequently *Pallas* ought not to cease from resentment, till *Troy* has suffered the deserts of her crimes.

I cannot

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILLIAD. 121

Won by destructive lust (Reward obscene) 40
 Their charms rejected for the *Cyprian Queen*.
 But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
 To heav'n assembled, thus *Apollo* spoke.
 Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
 Has *Hector* ting'd with blood of victims slain? 45
 And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
 Still grudge his body to the *Trojans* view?
 Deny to consort, mother, son, and fire,
 The last sad honours of a fun'ral fire?
 Is then the dire *Achilles* all your care? 50
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
 In strength of rage and impotence of pride,
 Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
 Invades around, and breathes but to destroy. 55

I cannot think that the objection about the word *Μαχηδών* is of any weight; the date of words is utterly uncertain, and as no one has been able to determine the ages of *Homer* and *Hesiod*, so neither can any person be assured that such words were not in use in *Homer's* days.

V. 52. *A lion, not a man, &c.*] This is a very formal condemnation of the morals of *Achilles*, which *Homer* puts into the mouth of a God. One may see from this alone that he was far from designing his hero a virtuous character; yet the poet artfully introduces *Apollo* in the midst of his reproaches, intermingling the hero's praises with his blemishes: *Brave tho' he be, &c.* Thus what is the real merit of *Achilles* is distinguished from what is blameable in his character, and we see *Apollo* or the God of wisdom, is no less impartial than just in his representation of *Achilles*.

Shame is not of his foul ; nor understood,
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.
 Still for one loss he rages unceas'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind ;
 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son, 60
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done :
 A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care ;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
 But this Insatiate the commission giv'n
 By fate, exceeds ; and tempts the wrath of heav'n : 65
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
His dead earth insensible of wrong !
 Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
 He violates the laws of Man and God.
 If equal honours by the partial skies 70
 Are doom'd both heroes, (*Juno* thus replies)
 If *Tbetis'* son must no distinction know,
 Then bear, ye Gods ! the Patron of the Bow.
 But *His* only boasts a mortal claim :
 His birth deriving from a mortal dame : 75
Achilles of your own æthereal race
 Springs from a Goddess by a man's embrace ;
 (A Goddess by ourself to *Peleus* giv'n,
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n.)
 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode 80
 Yourself were present ; where this Minstrel God

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILIAD. 123

(Well pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial dame: }
Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame; 85 }
Their merits, not their honours, are the same.

But mine, and ev'ry God's peculiar grace

Hector deserves, of all the *Trojan* race:

Still on our shrines his grateful off'ings lay,

(If the only honours men to Gods can pay) 90

Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd

The pure libation, and the holy feast.

Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corpse away,

We will not: *Thetis* guards it night and day.

But haste, and summon to our courts above: 95

The azure *Queen*; let her persuasion move

Her furious son from *Priam* to receive

The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave.

He added not: And *Iris* from the skies,

Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies, 100

Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,

Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.

Between whose *Samos* wide his forests spreads,

And rocky *Imbrus* lifts its pointed heads,

Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves resound) 105

She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.

224 HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXIV.

As bearing death in the fallacious bait
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight ;
 So past the Goddess thro' the closing wave,
 Where *Thetis* sorrow'd in her secret cave : 110
 There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 (The blue hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
 Pensive she fate, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her God-like son's approaching doom.
 Then thus the Goddess of the painted bow. 115
 Arise, O *Thetis*, from thy seats below,
 'Tis *Jove* that calls. And why (the Dame replies)
 Calls *Jove* his *Thetis* to the hated skies ?

V. 114. *And wept her God-like son's approaching doom.*] These words are very artfully inserted by the poet. The poem could not proceed to the death of *Achilles* without breaking the action ; and therefore to satisfy the curiosity of the reader concerning the fate of this great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death.

Such circumstances as these greatly raise the character of *Achilles* ; he is so truly valiant, that though he knows he must fall before *Troy*, yet he does not abstain from the war, but courageously meets his death : And here I think it proper to insert an observation that ought to have been made before, which is, that *Achilles* did not know that *Hector* was to fall by his hand ; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a single combat, in which he was sure to conquer ? The contrary of this is evident from the words of *Achilles* to *Hector* just before the combat,

——Πῶς γ' ἢ ἑταῖός γε πτώσῃα
 Αἴματός εἰμι ἄρνα, &c.

I will make no compacts with thee, says Achilles, but one of us shall fall.

Sad

BOOK XXIV. *HOMER'S ILLIAD.* 125

Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!

Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light! 120

Howe'er be heav'n's almighty Sire obey'd—

She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,

Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;

And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.

Then thro' the world of waters, they repair 125
(The way fair *Iris* led) to upper air.

The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,

And touch with momentary flight the skies.

There in the lightnings blaze the Sire they found,

And all the Gods in shining synod round. 130

Tbetis approach'd with anguish in her face,

(*Minerwa* rising, gave the mourner place)

Ev'n *Juno* sought her sorrows to console,

And offer'd from her hand the Nectar bowl:

She tasted, and resign'd it: Then began 135

The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:

Thou com'st, fair *Tbetis*, but with grief o'ercast,

Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!

Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:

But yield to Fate, and hear what *Jove* declares. 140

Nine days are past, since all the court above

In *Hector's* cause have mov'd the ear of *Jove*;

'Twas

V. 141. *Nine days are past, since all the court above, &c.* It may be thought that so many interpositions of the Gods, such messages from

126. *HOMER'S ILLAD*. BOOK XXIV.

'Twas voted, *Hermes* from his god-like fee
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so :
 We will, thy son himself the corse restore, 145
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear ;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far :
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead : 150
 But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
 The mournful father *Iris* shall prepare,

from heaven to earth, and down to the seas, are needless machines ; and it may be imagined that it is an offence against probability that so many Deities should be employed to pacify *Achilles* : But I am of opinion that the poet conducts this whole affair with admirable judgment. The poem is now almost at the conclusion, and *Achilles* is to pass from a state of an almost insupportable resentment to a state of perfect tranquillity ; such a change could not be brought about by human means ; *Achilles* is too stubborn to obey any thing less than a God : This is evident from his rejecting the persuasion of the whole *Græcian* army to return to the battle : So that it appears that this machinery was necessary, and consequently a beauty to the poem.

It may be farther added, that these several incidents proceed from *Jupiter* : It is by his appointment that so many Gods are employed to attend *Achilles*. By these means *Jupiter* fulfils the promise mentioned in the first book, of honouring the son of *Thetis*, and *Homer* excellently sustains his character by representing the inexorable *Achilles* as not parting with the body of his mortal enemy, but by the immediate command of *Jupiter*.

If the poet had conducted these incidents merely by human means, or supposed *Achilles* to restore the body of *Hector* entirely out of compassion, the draught had been unnatural, because unlike *Achilles* : Such a violence of temper was not to be pacified by ordinary methods. Besides, he has made use of the properest personages to carry on the affair ; for who could be supposed to have so great an influence upon *Achilles* as his own mother, who is a goddess ?

With

With gifts to see: and offer to his hands
 Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands,
 His word the silver-footed Queen attends, 155
 And from *Olympus*' showy tops descends.
 Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
 His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes. 160
 The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,
 She prest his hand, and tender thus begun.
 How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow!
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe?
 Mindless of food, or Love whose pleasing reign 165
 Soothes weary life, and softens human pain.
 O snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r,
 Non long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!
 Lo!

V. 164. *And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe.* This expression in the original is very particular: Were it to be translated literally, it must be rendered, how long wilt thou eat, or prey upon thy own heart by these sorrows? And it seems that it was a common way of expressing a deep sorrow; and *Pythagoras* uses it in this sense, *μη τὸν καρδίαν φάγεαι*, that is, grieve not excessively, let not sorrow make too great an impression upon thy heart. *Euphorbus*.

V. 168. — *Indulge the am'rous hour!*] The ancients (says *Euphorbus*) rejected these verses because of the indecent idea they convey. The goddess in plain terms advises *Achilles* to go to bed to his mistress, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. The good bishop is of opinion that they ought to be rejected, but the reason he gives is as extraordinary as that of *Theist*: Soldiers, says he, have more occasion for something to strengthen themselves with, than for women. And this is the reason, continues he, why warriors are

Lo! *Yove* himself (for *Yove's* command I bear)

Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far, 175

No longer then (his fury if thou dread)

Detain the relicks of great *Hector* dead;

Nor

forbid all commerce with that sex during the whole time of their exercise.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, endeavours to justify *Homer* by observing that this advice of *Thetis* was not given him to induce him to any wantonness, but was intended to indulge a nobler passion, his desire of glory: she advises him to go to that captive who was restored to him in a publick manner to satisfy his honour: To that captive, the detention of whom had been so great a punishment to the whole Grecian army. And therefore *Thetis* uses a very proper motive to comfort her son, by advising him to gratify at once both his love and his glory.

Plutarch has likewise labour'd in *Homer's* justification; he observes that the poet has set the picture of *Achilles* in this place in a very fair and strong point of light: Though *Achilles* had so lately received, his beloved *Briseis* from the hands of *Agamemnon*; though he knew that his own life drew to a sudden period; yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not haste to indulge his love: He does not lament *Patroclus* like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abstains from all pleasure by an excess of sorrow, and the love of his mistress is lost in that of his friend.

This observation excellently justifies *Achilles*, in not indulging himself with the company of his mistress: The hero indeed prevails so much over the lover, that *Thetis* thinks herself obliged to recall *Briseis* to his memory. Yet still the indecency remains. All that can be said in favour of *Thetis* is, that she was mother to *Achilles*, and consequently might take the greater freedom with her son.

Madam Dacier disapproves of both the former observations: She has recourse to the lawfulness of such a practice between *Achilles* and *Briseis*; and because such commerces in those times were reputed honest, therefore she thinks the advice was decent: The married ladies are obliged to her for this observation, and I hope all tender mothers, when their sons are afflicted, will advise them to comfort themselves in this manner.

In short, I am of opinion that this passage outrages decency; and it is a sign of some weakness to have so much occasion of justification. Indeed the whole passage is capable of a serious construction, and of such a sense as a mother might express to a son with decency.

And

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 129

Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.

To whom *Achilles*: Be the ransom giv'n, 175
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n,

While thus they commun'd, from th' *Olympian* bow'rs
Jove orders *Iris* to the *Trojan* tow'rs.

Haste, winged Goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge her Monarch to redeem his son; 180

Alone, the *Iliou* ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern *Achilles* may receive:

Alone, for so we will: No *Trojan* near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,

Some aged herald, who with gentle hand, 185
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.

Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,

Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:

And then it will run thus, "Why art thou, my son, thus afflicted?
"Why thus resign'd to sorrow? Can neither sleep nor love divert
"you? Short is thy date of life, spend it not all in weeping, but
"allow some part of it to love and pleasure!" But still the inde-
cency lies in the manner of the expression, which must be allowed
to be almost obscene, (for such is the word *μίσγειν*, *misceri*) all
that can be said in defence of it is, that as we are not competent
judges of what ideas words might carry in *Homer's* time, so we ought
not intirely to condemn him, because it is possible the expression
might not sound so indecently in ancient, as in modern ears.

Him *Hermes* to *Achilles* shall convey,
 Guard of his life, and partner of his way. 190
 Fierce as he is, *Achilles*' self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair;
 Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

V. 189. *Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey.*] The intervention of *Mercury* was very necessary at this time, and by it the poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but also pays a compliment to his countrymen the *Greeks*: They kept so strict a guard, that nothing but a God could pass unobserved; this highly recommends their military discipline; and *Priam* not being able to carry the ransom without a chariot, it would have been an offence against probability to have supposed him able to have passed all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the assistance of some deity: *Horace* had this passage in his view, Ode the tenth of the first book,

Iniqua Trojæ castra fessellis.

V. 191. ——— *Achilles' self shall spare*
His age, nor touch one venerable hair, &c.]

It is observable that every word here is a negative, ἄφρων, ἄσπονδος, ἀδούρην; *Achilles* is still so angry that *Jupiter* cannot say he is wise, judicious, and merciful; he only commends him negatively, and barely says he is not a madman, nor perversely wicked.

It is the observation of the ancients, says *Enstatius*, that all the equises of the sins of man are included in those three words: Man offends either out of ignorance, and then he is ἄφρων; or through inadvertency, then he is ἄσπονδος; or wilfully and maliciously, and then he is ἀδούρην. So that this description agrees very well with the present disposition of *Achilles*; he is not ἄφρων, because his resentment begins to abate; he is not ἄσπονδος, because his mother has given him instructions; nor ἀδούρην, because he will not offend against the injunctions of *Jupiter*.

Then

Book XXIV. HOMER'S ILLAD. 131

Then down her bow the winged *Iris* drives, 195
 And swift at *Priam's* mournful court arrives :
 Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
 Sate bath'd in tears, and answered groan with groan.
 And all amidst them lay the hoary fire,
 (Sad scene of woe!) His face his wrapt attire 200
 Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
 A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
 From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
 Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;

V. 195. *The winged Iris flies, &c.*] Mons. *Rapin* has been very free upon this passage, where so many machines are made use of, to cause *Priam* to obtain the body of *Hector* from *Achilles*, "This father (says he) who has so much tenderness for his son, who is so superstitious in observing the funeral ceremonies, and saving those precious remains from the dogs and vultures; ought not to have thought of doing this himself, without being thus expressly commanded by the Gods? Was there need of a machine to make him remember that he was a father?" But this critick, intirely forgets what rendered such a conduct of absolute necessity; namely, the extreme danger and (in all probability) imminent ruin both of the king and state, upon *Priam's* putting himself into the power of his most inveterate enemy. There was no other method of recovering *Hector*, and of discharging his funeral rites (which were look'd upon by the ancients of so high importance) and therefore the message from *Jupiter* to encourage *Priam*, with the assistance of *Mercury* to conduct him, and to prepare *Achilles* to receive him with favour, was far from impertinent: It was dignus vindice nodus, as *Horace* expresses it.

V. 200. *His face his wrapt attire Conceal'd from sight.*] The poet has observed a great decency in this place; he was not able to express the grief of his royal mourner, and so covers what he could not represent. From this passage *Servantes* the *Sicilian* painter borrowed his design in the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, and represents his *Agamemnon*, as *Homer* does his *Priam*: *Æschylus* has likewise imitated this place, and draws his *Niobe* exactly after the manner of *Homer*, *Eustathius*.

Mindful

132, *HOMER'S ILLAD. Book XXIV.*

Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy, 205
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of *Troy*!

Before the King *Jove's* messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears.

Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From *Jove* I come, *Jove* makes thee still his care: 210
For *Hector's* sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern *Achilles* may receive;

Alone, for so he wills: No *Trojan* near,
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand, 215
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.

Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led;
Thee *Hermes* to *Pelides* shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way. 220

Fierce as he is, *Achilles'* self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

She spoke, and vanish'd. *Priam* bids prepare 225
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;

There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:

His pious sons the King's command obey.

Then past the Monarch to his bridal room,
Where Cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume, 230

And

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILLIAD. 133.

And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd the Queen, and thus began to say,

Unhappy consort of a King distract!

Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:

I saw descend the messenger of *Jove*, 235

Who bids me try *Achilles'* mind to move;

For sake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain

The corps of *Heſſor*, at yon' navy slain.

Tell me thy thought: My heart impels to go

Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe. 240.

The hoary Monarch thus. Her piercing cries

Sad *Hecuba* renews, and then replies.

Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?

And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind?

Thro' *Phrygia* once, and foreign regions known, 245

Now all confus'd, distract'd, overthrown?

Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes! to face

(Oh heart of steel!) the Murd'rer of thy race!

To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er

Those hands, yet red with *Heſſor's* noble gore! 250

Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to spare,

And what his mercy thy slain sons declare;

So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage

Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.

No——pent in this sad palace, let us give 255

To grief, the wretched days we have to live.

134 HOMER'S ILLAD. BOOK XXIV.

Still, still for *Hector* let our sorrows flow,
 Born to his own, and to his parents woe!
 Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
 To dogs, to vultures, and to *Pelous'* son! 260
 Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
 My rage, and these barbarities repay!
 For ah! could *Hector* merit thus? whose breath
 Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:
 He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight, 265
 And fell a hero in his country's right.

Seek not to slay me, nor my soul affright
 With words of omen, like a bird of night;
 (Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)
 'Tis heav'n commands me; and you urge in vain. 270
 Had any mortal voice th' injunction said,
 Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.
 A present Goddess brought the high command,
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.

V. 265. *He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,*
And fell a hero—————]

This whole discourse of *Hecuba* is exceedingly natural, she aggravates the features of *Achilles*, and softens those of *Hector*: Her anger blinds her so much, that she can see nothing great in *Achilles*, and her fondness so much, that she can discern no defects in *Hector*. Thus she draws *Achilles* in the fiercest colours, like a Barbarian, and calls him *ἄνθρωπος*: But at the same time forgets that *Hector* ever fled from *Achilles*, and in the original directly tells us that he *knows not how to fear, or how to fly*. Eustathius.

I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call: 275

If in yon' camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,

Consent—By the same hand let me expire!

Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched fire!

One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,

And my last tears flow mingled with his blood! 280

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew

Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,

As many vests, as many mantles told,

And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.

Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine, 285

With ten pure talents from the richest mine;

And last a large well-labour'd bow! had place,

(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace)

Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,

For one last look to buy him back to Troy! 290

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,

Around him furious drives his menial train:



In

V. 292. *Lo! the sad father, &c.*] This behaviour of Priam is very natural to a person in his circumstances: The loss of his favourite son makes so deep an impression upon his spirits, that he is incapable of consolation; he is displeased with every body; he is angry he knows not why; the disorder and hurry of his spirits make him break out into passionate expressions, and these expressions are contained in short periods, very natural to men in anger, who give not themselves leisure to express their sentiments at full length: It is from the same passion that Priam, in the second speech, treats all his sons with the utmost indignity, calls them gluttons, dunces, and flatterers. Eusebius very justly remarks, that he had Paris particularly in his eye; but his anger makes him transfer that character to

136. *HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XXIV.*

In vain each slave with dutious care attends,
 Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
 What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries) 295
 Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
 Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there;
 Am I the only object of despair?
 Am I become my people's common show,
 Set up by *Jove* your spectacle of woe? 300
 No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall;
 The same stern God to ruin gives you all:
 Nor is great *Hector* lost by me alone;
 Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!
 I see your blood the fields of *Phrygia* drown, 305
 I see the ruins of your smoking town!

the rest of his children, not being calm enough to make a distinction between the innocent and guilty.

That passage where he runs into the praises of *Hector*, is particularly natural: His concern and fondness make him as extravagant in the commendation of him, as in the disparagement of his other sons: They are less than mortals, he more than man. *Rapin* has censured this anger of *Priam* as a breach of the *manners*, and says he might have shewn himself a father, otherwise than by this usage of his children. But whoever considers his circumstances, will judge after another manner. *Priam*, after having been the most wealthy, most powerful and formidable monarch of *Asia*, becomes all at once the most miserable of men; he loses in less than eight days the best of his army, and a great number of virtuous sons; he loses the bravest of them all, his glory and his defence, the gallant *Hector*. This last blow sinks him quite, and changes him so much, that he is no longer the same: He becomes impatient, frantic, unreasonable! the terrible effect of ill fortune! whoever has the least insight into nature, must admire so fine a picture of the force of adversity on an unhappy old man.

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILIAD. 137

Oh send me, Gods! e'er that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to *Pluto's* dreary dome!

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:

The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey. 310

Next on his sons his erring fury falls,

Polites, *Paris*, *Agathon*, he calls,

His threats *Deiphobus* and *Dios* hear,

Hippothüs, *Pammon*, *Helenus* the seer,

And gen'rous *Antiphon*: For yet these nine 315

Surviv'd, sad relicks of his num'rous line.

Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!

Why did not all in *Hector's* cause expire?

Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,

You, the disgrace of *Priam's* house, remain! 320

Mefer the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,

With *Troilus*, dreadful on his rushing car,

And last great *Hector*, more than man divine,

For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!

All those relentless *Mars* untimely slew, 325

And left me these, a soft and servile crew,

Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,

Glattons and flatt'ers, the contempt of *Troy*!

V. 313. *Deiphobus and Dios*.] It has been a dispute whether *Δῖος* or *Αἴαλος*, in v. 251. was a proper name; but *Phercydes* (says *Eustathius*) determines it, and assures us that *Dios* was a spurious son of *Priam*.

Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son? 330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car:
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains, 335

And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariots polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd. 340

Next with the gifts (the price of *Hector* slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,
(The gift of *Mysa* to the *Trojan* King.)

But the fair horses, long his darling care, 345
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd;
The hoary herald help'd him at his side.

While careful these the gentle couriers join'd,
Sad *Hecuba* approach'd with anxious mind: 350

V. 340. *The sad attendants load the groaning wain.*] It is necessary to observe to the reader, to avoid confusion, that two cars are here prepared; the one drawn by mules, to carry the presents, and to bring back the body of *Hector*; the other drawn by horses, in which the herald and *Priam* rode. *Eustathius*.

A golden

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILIAD. 139

A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine)
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the Monarch's hands.

Take this, and pour to *Jove*; that safe from harms, 355
His grace restore thee to our roof, and arms.
Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heav'n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:
Pray to that God, who high on *Ida*'s brow
Surveys thy desolated realms below, 360
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heav'nly Augury:
Let the strong sov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal space.
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above, 365
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by *Jove*;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.

'Tis just (said *Priam*) to the Sire above
To raise our hands, for who so good as *Jove*? 370
He spoke, and bad th' attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring:
(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held)
Then took the golden cup his *Queen* had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine, 375
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.

Oh

Oh first, and greatest! heav'n's imperial Lord!
 On lofty *Ida*'s holy hill ador'd!
 To stern *Achilles* now direct my ways,
 And teach him mercy when a father prays. 380
 If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
 Thy sacred bird, celestial Augury!
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal space:
 So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above, 385
 Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by *Jove*.

Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
 Dispatch'd his bird, celestial Augury!
 The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
 And known to Gods by *Pernax*'s lofty name. 390
 Wide, as appears some palace-gate display'd,
 So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
 As stooping dexter with resounding wings
 Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
 A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears; 395
 The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.

V. 377. *Oh first, and greatest! &c.*] *Eustathius* observes, that there is not one instance in the whole *Ilias* of any prayer that was justly preferred, that failed of success. This proceeding of *Homer*'s is very judicious, and answers exactly to the true end of poetry, which is to please and instruct. Thus *Priam* prays that *Achilles* may cease his wrath, and compassionate his miseries; and *Jupiter* grants his request: The unfortunate king obtains compassion, and in his most inveterate enemy finds a friend.

Swift

BOOK XXIV. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 141

Swift on the car th' impatient Monarch sprung ;
 The brazen portal in his passage rung.
 The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
 Charg'd with the gifts : *Idæus* holds the rein : 400
 The King himself his gentle steeds controuls,
 And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
 On his slow wheels the following people wait,
 Mourn at each step, and give him up to Fate ;
 With hands uplifted, eye him as he past, 405
 And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.
 Now forward fares the Father on his way,
 Thro' the lone fields, and back to *Hion* they.
 Great *Jove* beheld him as he crost the plain,
 And felt the woes of miserable man, 410
 Then thus to *Hermes*, Thou whose constant cares
 Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs ;
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd,
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind.
 Go, guard the fire ; th' observing foe prevent, 415
 And safe conduct him to *Achilles'* tent.
 The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
 And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
 That

V. 417. *The description of Mercury.*] A man must have no taste for poetry that does not admire this sublime description : *Virgil* has translated it almost *verbatim* in the fourth book of the *Æneis*, v. 240.

142 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XXIV.

That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain,
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main: 420
 Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
 Thus arm'd, swift *Hermes* steers his airy way,
 And stoops on *Hellepont's* resounding sea.
 A beauteous youth, majestic and divine, 425
 He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!

— Ille patris magni parare parabat
 Imperio, & primùm pedibus talaria nectit
 Aureas, quæ sublimem alis, sive æquora supray
 Sæu terram rapido pariter cum flumine portans.
 Tum virgam capit, hæc animas ille evocat orco
 Pallentes, alias sub tristia tartara mittit;
 Dat somnos, adimitque, & lumen morte reſignat.

It is hard to determine which is more excellent, the copy, or the original: *Mercury* appears in both pictures with equal majesty; and the *Roman Æreſ* becomes him as well as the *Grecian*. *Virgil* has added the latter part of the fifth, and the whole sixth line, to *Homer*, which makes it still more full and majestic.

Give me leave to produce a passage out of *Milton* of near affinity with the lines above, which is not inferior to *Homer* or *Virgil*: It is the description of the descent of an angel.

— Down thro'ber, prone in flight
 He speeds, and thro' the vast æthereal sky
 Saith between worlds and worlds; with steady wing:
 Now on the polar winds: Then with quick force
 Winsnows the buxom air ———
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden Tiar
 Circled his head; nor less his locks behind
 Illuſtricus, on his shoulders ſledg'd with wings,
 Lay waving round, ——— &c.

Now

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILLIAD. 143

Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
 And clad the dusky fields in sober gray
 What time the herald and the hoary King
 Their chariots stopping, at the silver spring 430
 That circling *Ilius'* ancient marble flows,
 Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
 Thro' the dim shade the herald first espies
 A man's approach, and thus to *Priam* cries.
 I mark some foe's advance: O King! beware; 435
 This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
 For much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:
 Our state asks counsel; Is it best to fly?
 Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
 (Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call? 440
 Th' afflicted Monarch shiver'd with despair;
 Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;

V. 427. *Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day.*] The poet by such intimations as these recalls to our minds the exact time which *Priam* takes up in his journey to *Achilles*: He set out in the evening; and by the time that he had reach'd the tomb of *Ilius*, it was grown somewhat dark, which shews that this tomb stood at some distance from the city: Here *Mercury* meets him, and when it was quite dark, guides him into the presence of *Achilles*. By these methods we may discover how exactly the poet preserves the unities of time and place, and he allots space sufficient for the actions which he describes, and yet does not crowd more incidents into any interval of time than may be executed in as much as he allows: Thus it being improbable that so stubborn a man as *Achilles* should relent in a few moments, the poet allows a whole night for this affair, so that *Priam* has leisure enough to go and return, and time enough remaining to persuade *Achilles*.

Sunk

Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;

A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:

When *Hermes* greeting, touch'd his royal hand, 445

And gentle, thus accosts with kind demand.

Say whither, father! when each mortal fight

Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?

Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,

Thro' *Grecian* foes, so num'rous and so strong? 450

What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures view,

These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?

For

V. 447, &c. *The speech of Mercury to Priam.*] I shall not trouble the reader with the dreams of *Eusebius*, who tells us that this fiction of *Mercury* is partly true and partly false: It is true that his father is old; for *Jupiter* is King of the whole universe, was from eternity, and created both men and Gods: In like manner, when *Mercury* says he is the seventh child of his father, *Eusebius* affirms that he meant that there were six planets besides *Mercury*. Sure it requires great pains and thought to be so learnedly absurd: The supposition which he makes afterwards is far more natural. *Priam*, says he, might by chance meet with one of the *Myrmidons*, who might conduct him unobserved through the camp into the presence of *Achilles*: and as the execution of any wise design is ascribed to *Pallas*, so may this clandestine enterprize be said to be managed by the guidance of *Mercury*.

But perhaps this whole passage may be better explained by having recourse to the *Pagan* theology: It was an opinion that obtained in those early days, that *Jupiter* frequently sent some friendly messengers to protect the innocent, so that *Homer* might intend to give his readers a lecture of Morality, by telling us that this unhappy king was under the protection of the Gods.

Madam Dacier carries it farther. *Homer* (says she) instructed by tradition, knew that God sends his angels to the succour of the afflicted. The scripture is full of examples of this truth. The story of *Tobit* has a wonderful relation with this of *Homer*: *Tobit* sent his son to *Raga*, a city of *Media*, to receive a considerable sum; *Tobias* did not know the way; he found at his door a young man clothed with

Book XXIV. HOMER'S *ILLIAD*. 145

For what defence, alas! could'st thou provide?
 Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide.
 Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread; 455
 From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head;
 From *Greece* I'll guard thee too; For in those lines
 The living image of my father shines.

Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind
 Are true, my son! (the god-like fire rejoin'd) 460
 Great are my hazards; but the Gods survey
 My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
 Hail, and be blest! For scarce of mortal kind
 Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide; 465
 (The sacred messenger of heav'n reply'd)
 But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains
 What yet most precious of thy store remains,
 To lodge in safety with some friendly hand?
 Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land. 470

with a majestick glory, which attracted admiration; It was an angel under the form of a man. This angel being asked who he was, answered (as *Mercury* does here) by a fiction; He said that he was of the children of *Israel*, that his name was *Azarias*, and that he was son of *Ananias*. This angel conducted *Tobias* in safety; he gave him instructions; and when he was to receive the recompence which the father and son offered him, he declared that he was the angel of the Lord, took his flight towards heaven, and disappeared. Here is a great conformity in the ideas and in the style; and the example of our author so long before *Tobit*, proves, that this opinion of God's sending his angels to the aid of man was very common, and much spread among the *Pagans* in those former times. *Dacier*.

146 HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XXIV.

Or fly'st thou now? what hopes can *Troy* retain?

Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain!

The King alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,

Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,

And know so well how god-like *Hector* dy'd? 475

Thus *Priam* spoke, and *Hermes* thus reply'd.

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:

On this sad subject you inquire too much.

Oft' have these eyes that god-like *Hector* view'd

In glorious fight with *Grecian* blood imbru'd: 480

I saw him, when like *Jove* his flames he tost

On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:

I saw, but help'd not: Stern *Achilles'* ire

Forbad assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.

For him I serve, of *Myrmidonian* race; 485

One ship convey'd us from our native place;

Polydor is my fire, an honour'd name,

Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame;

Of sev'n his sons by whom the lot was cast

To serve our Prince, it fell on me, the last. 490

To watch this quarter my adventure falls,

For with the morn the *Greeks* attack your walls;

Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage;

And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.

If then thou art of stern *Pelides'* train, 495

(The mournful Monarch thus rejoin'd again)

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILLIAD. 147

Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains? 500

O favour'd of the skies! (Thus answer'd then
The Pow'r that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy *Hector* rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth ev'ning since he rested there, 505
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air:

Still as *Aurora's* ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb *Achilles* drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace, 410
Majestical in death! No stains are found
O'er all the cone, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;

(Tho' many a wound they gave) some heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led 515
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.

Thus spoke to *Priam* the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal Sire reply'd.
Blest is the man who pays the Gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love! 520

Those

V. 519. *Blest is the man, &c.*] *Homer* now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and display his poetical justice

Those who inhabit the *Olympian* bow'r
 My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
 And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
 Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.
 But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take, 525
 A pledge of gratitude for *Hector's* sake;
 And while the fav'ring Gods our steps survey,
 Safe to *Pelides'* tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God. O King, forbear
 To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err: 530
 But can I, absent from my Prince's fight,
 Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?

justice in rewards and punishments: Thus *Hector* fought in a bad cause, and therefore suffers in the defence of it; but because he was a good man, and obedient to the Gods in other respects, his very remains become the care of heaven.

I think it necessary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of *Homer* throughout his whole poem, in respect to morality. He justifies the character of *Horace*,

—*Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,*
Plinius & melius Cicerone & Crantore dicit.

If the reader does not observe the morality of the *Ilias*, he loses half, and the nobler part of its beauty: He reads it as a common romance, and mistakes the chief aim of it, which is to instruct.

V. 531. *But can I, absent, &c.*] In the original of this place (which I have paraphrased a little) the word *Εὐλασίῃ* is remarkable. *Priam* offers *Mercury* (whom he looks upon as a soldier of *Achilles*) a present, which he refuses because his prince is ignorant of it: This present he calls a direct *theft* or *robbery*; which may shew us how strict the notions of justice were in the days of *Homer*, when if a prince's servant received any present without the knowledge of his master, he was esteemed a thief and a robber. *Eustatius*.

What

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILLIAD. 149

What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence; 535
And as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as *Argos*, pleas'd I could convey:
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main. 540

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:
Before th' inspiring God that urg'd them on,
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found 545
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round;
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars. 550
Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd *Pelides'* lofty tent.
Of Fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;

And

V. 553. *Of Fir the roof was rais'd.*] I have in the course of these observations described the method of encamping used by the *Grecians*: The reader has here a full and exact description of the tent of *Achilles*: This royal pavilion was built with long palisadoes made of Fir: the top of it covered with reeds, and the inside was

150 HOMER'S ILLAD. Book XXIV.

And fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state, 555
 (The work of foldiers) where the hero fate.
 Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength.
 A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length;
 Scarce three strong *Greeks* could lift its mighty weight,
 But great *Achilles* singly clos'd the gate, 560.
 This *Hermes* (such the pow'r of Gods) set wide;
 Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
 And thus, reveal'd—Hear, Prince! and understand
 Thow ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, descended from above, 565
 The King of Arts, the messenger of *Jove*.

divided into several apartments: Thus *Achilles* had his *αὐτὸν μυχρὸν*, or large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book *Phoenix* has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, *Patroclus* has another for himself and his captive *Iphigeneia*, and *Achilles* has a third for himself and his mistress *Diomedea*.

But we must not imagine that the other *Myrmidons* had tents of the like dimensions: They were, as *Kassabius* observes, inferior to this royal one of *Achilles*: Which indeed is no better than a hovel, yet agrees very well with the duties of a soldier, and the simplicity of those early times.

I am of opinion that such fixed tents were not used by the *Grecians* in their common marches, but only during the time of sieges, when their long stay in one place made it necessary to build such tents as are here described; at other times they lay like *Diomedes* in the tenth book, in the open air, their spears standing upright, to be ready upon any alarm; and with the hides of beasts spread on the ground, instead of a bed.

It is worthy observation, that *Homer* even upon so trivial an occasion as the describing the tent of *Achilles*, takes an opportunity to shew the superior strength of his hero; and tells us that three men could scarce open the door of his pavilion, but *Achilles* could open it alone.

Farewel:

Farewel: To shun *Achilles'* sight I fly;
 Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
 Nor stand confess to frail mortality.
 Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
 His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
 Whatever pity that stern heart can know.

}

570

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
 And in a moment shot into the skies:

575

V. 569. *Nor stand confess to frail mortality.*] *Eustathius* thinks it was from this maxim, that the Princes of the East assumed that air of majesty which separates them from the sight of their subjects; but I should rather believe that *Homer* copied this after the originals, from some Kings of his time: It not being unlikely that this policy is very ancient. *Dacier*.

V. 571. *Adjure him by his father, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes that *Priam* does not entirely follow the instructions of *Mercury*, but only calls to his remembrance his aged father *Peleus*: And this was judiciously done by *Priam*: For what motive to compassion could arise from the mention of *Thetis*, who was a Goddess, and incapable of misfortune? Or how could *Neoptolemus* be any inducement to make *Achilles* pity *Priam*, when at the same time he flourished in the greatest prosperity? therefore *Priam* only mentions his father *Peleus*, who, like him, stood upon the very brink of the grave, and was liable to the same misfortunes he suffered. These are the remarks of *Eustathius*; but how then shall we justify *Mercury*, who gave him such improper instructions with relation to *Thetis*? All that can be said in defence of the poet is, that *Thetis*, though a Goddess, has through the whole course of the *Iliad* been described as a partner in all the afflictions of *Achilles*, and consequently might be made use of as an inducement to raise the compassion of *Achilles*. *Priam* might have said, I conjure thee by the love thou bearest to thy mother, take pity on me! For if she who is a Goddess would grieve for the loss of her beloved son, how greatly must the loss of *Hector* afflict the unfortunate *Hecuba* and *Priam*?

152 *HOMER'S ILIAD*. BOOK XXIV.

The King, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.

With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found *Achilles* in his inner tent:

There sate the Hero; *Alcimus* the brave, 580
And great *Automedon*, attendance gave:
These serv'd his person at the royal feast,
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the King his entry made;
And prostrate now before *Achilles* laid, 585
Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who conscious of his crime, 590
Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale! amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: Thus *Achilles* gaz'd:

V. 586. *Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears.*] I fancy this interview between *Priam* and *Achilles* would furnish an admirable subject for a painter, in the surprize of *Achilles*, and the other spectators, the attitude of *Priam*, and the sorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king.

That circumstance of *Priam's* kissing the hands of *Achilles* is inimitably fine; he kiss'd, says *Homer*, the hands of *Achilles*; those terrible, murderous hands that had robb'd him of so many sons: By these two words the poet recalls to our mind all the noble actions performed by *Achilles* in the whole *Ilias*; and at the same time strikes us with the utmost compassion for this unhappy king, who is reduced so low, as to be obliged to kiss those hands that had slain his subjects, and ruin'd his kingdom and family.

Thus

Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprize ;
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes : 595
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
'Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke.

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine !
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace, 600
Those silver hairs, that venerable face :
His trembling limbs; his helpless person, see !
In all my equal; but in misery !

[V. 598. *The Speech of Priam to Achilles.*] The curiosity of the reader must needs be awakened to know how *Achilles* would behave to this unfortunate king; it requires all the art of the poet to sustain the violent character of *Achilles*, and yet at the same time to soften him into compassion. To this end the poet uses no preamble, but breaks directly into that circumstance which is most likely to mollify him, and the two first words he utters are, *μνησθαι Πάτριός, see thy father, O Achilles, in me!* Nothing could be more happily imagined than this entrance into his speech; *Achilles* has every where been described as bearing a great affection to his father, and by two words the poet recalls all the tenderness that love and duty can suggest to an affectionate son.

Priam tells *Achilles*, that *Hector* fell in the defence of his country: I am far from thinking that this was inserted accidentally: It could not fail of having a very good effect upon *Achilles*, not only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that *Hector* had no particular enmity against *Achilles*, but that tho' he fought against him, it was in defence of his country.

The reader will observe that *Priam* repeats the beginning of his speech, and recalls his father to his memory in the conclusion of it. This is done with great judgment; the poet takes care to enforce his petition with the strongest motive, and leaves it fresh upon his memory; and possibly *Priam* might perceive that the mention of his father had made a deeper impression upon *Achilles* than any other part of his petition, therefore while the mind of *Achilles* dwells upon it, he again sets him before his imagination by this repetition, and softens him into compassion.

Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human Fate
Expels him, helpless from his peaceful state; 605

Think from some pow'rful foe thou seest him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.

Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;

He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;

And hearing still may hope, a better day 610

May send him thee, to chase that foe away.

No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,

The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!

Yet what a race; e'er Greece to Ilium came,

The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame: 615

Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!

How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled?

Still one was left, their loss to recompence;

His father's hope, his country's last defence.

Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel 620

Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!

For him, thro' hostile camps I bent my way,

For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;

Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;

Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere! 625

Think of thy father, and this face behold!

See him in me, as helpless and as old!

Tho' not so wretched: There he yields to me,

The first of men in sov'reign misery.

Thus.

BOOK XXIV. *HOMER'S ILIAD.* 155

Thus forc'd to kneel, thus growling to embrace 630

The scourge and ruin of my realm and race :

Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,

And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,

Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire. 635

Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)

The old man's shock he gently turn'd away.

Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of weep ;

And now the mingled tides together flow :

This low on earth, that gently bending o'er, 640

A father one, and one a son, deplore :

But great *Achilles*, diff'rent passions rend,

And now his Sire he mourns, and now his friend.

Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran ;

One universal solemn show'r began ;

They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

645 }

V. 634. *These words soft pity, &c.* We are now come almost to the end of the poem, and consequently to the end of the anger of *Achilles* : And *Homer* has described the abatement of it with excellent judgment. We may here observe how necessary the conduct of *Homer* was, in sending *Thetis* to prepare her son to use *Priam* with civility : It would have been ill suited with the violent temper of *Achilles* to have used *Priam* with tenderness without such pre-admonition ; nay, the unexpected sight of his enemy might probably have carried him into violence and rage : But *Homer* has avoided these absurdities ; for *Achilles* being already prepared for a reconciliation, the misery of this venerable prince naturally melts him into compassion.

Satiate-

156 HOMER'S ILLIAD. BOOK XXIV.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
 The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
 On his white bear'd and form-majestick gaz'd, 650
 Not unrelenting: Then serene began
 With words to sooth the miserable man.

Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known?
 Unhappy Prince! thus guardless and alone
 To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face 655
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race?
 Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
 Rife then: Let reason mitigate our care:
 To mourn, avails not: Man is born to bear. 660
 Such is, alas! the Gods severe decree:
 They, only they are blest, and only free.

V. 653. Achilles's speech to Priam. There is not a more beautiful passage in the whole *Ilias* than this before us: *Homer* to shew that *Achilles* was not a mere soldier, here draws him as a person of excellent sense and sound reason: *Plato* himself (who condemns this passage) could not speak more like a true philosopher: And it was a piece of great judgment thus to describe him; for the reader would have retained but a very indifferent opinion of the hero of a poem, that had no qualification but mere strength: It also shews the art of the poet thus to defer this part of his character to the very conclusion of the poem: By these means he fixes an idea of his greatness upon our minds, and makes his hero go off the stage with applause.

Neither does he here ascribe more wisdom to *Achilles* than he might really be master of; for as *Eusebius* observes, he had *Chiron* and *Phenix* for his tutors, and a Goddess for his mother.

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILIAD. 157

Two Urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood;
 The source of Evil one, and one of Good;
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills, 665.
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ill;
 To most, he mingles both: The wretch decreed
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
 Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n. 670.
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care:
 Who more than *Peleus* shone in wealth and pow'r?
 What stars concurring blest his natal hour?

V. 663. *Two urns by Jove's high throne, &c.*] This is an admirable allegory, and very beautifully imagined by the poet. *Plato* has accused it as an impiety to say that God gives evil: But it seems borrowed from the eastern way of speaking, and bears a great resemblance to several expressions in scripture: Thus in the *Psalms*, *In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out of the same; as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them.*

It was the custom of the *Jews* to give condemned persons just before execution, *οἶνον ἰσχυροποιόντα*, wine mix'd with myrror to make them less sensible of pain: Thus *Prov.* xxxi. 6. *Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.* This custom was so frequent among the *Jews*, that the cup which was given him before execution, came to denote death itself, as in that passage, *Father, let this cup pass from me.*

Some have supposed that there were three urns, one of good, and two of evil; thus *Pindar*,

Ἐν γὰρ ἰσθμῷ, κήματα σόοντο
 Δαίμονας βροτοῖς ἀθάνατοι.

But, as *Eusebius* observes, the word ἵστιος shews that there were but two, for that word is never used when more than two are intended.

A realm.

A realm, a Goddess, to his will bestowing. 675

Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n!

One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day,

No race succeeding to imperial sway:

An only son! and he (also!) ordain'd

To fall untimely in a foreign land! 680

See him, in *Troy*, the pious care decline

Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!

Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;

In riches once, in children once excell'd;

Extended *Phrygia* own'd thy ample reign. 685

And all fair *Lesbos*' blissful seats contain,

And all wide *Hellepont*'s unmeasur'd main.

But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,

And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,

What sees the sun, but hapless heroes fall? 690

War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!

What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed

These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;

Thou canst not call him from the *Stygian* shore,

But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more! 695

V. 685. *Extended Phrygia, &c.*] *Homer* here gives us a piece of geography, and shews the full extent of *Priam*'s kingdom. *Lesbos* bounded it on the south, *Phrygia* on the east, and the *Hellepont* on the north. This kingdom, according to *Strabo* in the 13th book, was divided into nine dynasties, who all depended upon *Priam* as their king: So that what *Homer* here relates of *Priam*'s power is literally true, and confirmed by history. *Eustatius*.

To

To whom the King. O favour'd of the skies!
 Here let me grow to earth! since *Hector* lies
 On the bare heech, depriv'd of obsequies.
 O give me *Hector*! to my eyes restore
 His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more. 700
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy:
 Safe may'st thou then sail, and turn thy wrath from *Troy*:
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give
 A weak old man to see the light and live!
 Move me no more (*Achilles* thus replies). 705
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes)
 Nor

V. 706. *While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes*.] I believe every reader must be surprized, as I confess I was, to see *Achilles* fly out into so sudden a passion, without any apparent reason for it. It can scarce be imagined that the name of *Hector* (as *Eustathius* thinks) could throw him into so much violence, when he had heard it mentioned with patience and calmness by *Priam* in this very conference: especially if we remember that *Achilles* had actually determined to restore the body of *Hector* to *Priam*. I was therefore very well pleas'd to find that the words in the original would bear another interpretation, and such a one as naturally solves the difficulty. The meaning of the passage I fancy may be this: *Priam* perceiving that his address had mollify'd the heart of *Achilles*, takes this opportunity to persuade him to give over the war, and return home; especially since his anger was sufficiently satisfied by the fall of *Hector*. Immediately *Achilles* takes fire at this proposal, and answers, "Is it not enough that I have determined to restore thy son? ask no more, lest I retract that resolution." In this view we see a natural reason for the sudden passion of *Achilles*.

What may perhaps strengthen this conjecture is the word *παῖς*; and then the sense will run thus; since I have found so much favour in thy sight, as first to permit me to live, O would'st thou still enlarge my happiness, and return home to thy own country! &c.

This opinion may be farther established from what follows in the latter end of this interview, where *Achilles* asks *Priam* how many days he would request for the interment of *Hector*? *Achilles* had refused:

Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend ;
 To yield thy *Hector* I myself intend :
 For know, from *Jove* my Goddess-mother came,
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame) 710
 Nor com'st thou but by heav'n ; nor com'st alone,
 Some God impels with courage not thy own :
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
 To pass our cut works, or elude the guard. 715
 Cease ; lest neglectful of high *Jove's* command
 I show thee, King ! thou tread'st on hostile land ;

refused to give over the war, but yet consents to intermit it a few days ; and then the sense will be this : " I will not consent to return home, " but ask a time for a cessation, and it shall be granted." And what most strongly speaks for this interpretation is the answer of *Priam* ; I ask, says he, eleven days to bury my son, and then let the war commence again, since it must be so, *ἐπεὶ ἀνάγκη* ; since you necessitate me to it ; or since you will not be persuaded to leave these shores.

V. 706. *While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes.*] The reader may be pleased to observe that this is the last sally of the resentment of *Achilles* ; and the poet judiciously describes him moderating it by his own reflection : So that his reason now prevails over his anger, and the design of the poem is fully executed.

V. 709, 710. *For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came.*] The injustice of *La Motte's* criticism, (who blames *Homer* for representing *Achilles* so mercenary, as to inquire into the price offer'd for *Hector's* body before he would restore it) will appear plainly from this passage, where he makes *Achilles* expressly say, it is not for any other reason that he delivers the body, but that heaven had directly commanded it. The words are very full.

Δίδου δὲ μοι ἄγχιλος ἦλθε

Μήτηρ ἢ μ' ἵταται, θυγάτηρ αἰλίοιο γέροντος.

Καὶ δέ σε γινώσκω Πρίαμος φρεσίν, εἰδὲ με λήθειες.

Ὅττι θεῶν τις ἦγε θεὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

Release

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILIAD. 161

Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

The Sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd. 720

Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad :

Automedon and *Alcimus* attend,

(Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend ;)

These to yoke the mules and horses went,

And led the hoary herald to the tent ; 725

Next heap'd on high the num'rous presents bear

(Great *Hector's* ransom) from the polish'd car.

Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,

They leave ; to cover, and inwrap the dead.

Then call the handmaids with assistant toil 730

To wash the body and anoint with oil ;

Apart from *Priam*, lest th' unhappy Sire

Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to Ire

The stern *Pelides* ; and nor sacred age

Nor *Jove's* command, should check the rising rage. 735

This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread ;

Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed :

Then, while the body on the car they laid,

He groans, and calls on lov'd *Patroclus's* shade.

If, in that gloom which never light must know, 740

The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below :

O friend ! forgive me, that I thus fulfill

(Restoring *Hector*) heav'n's unquestioned will.

The

The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy *manes*, and adorn thy shrine. 745

He said, and en'ring, took his seat of state,
Where full before him rev'rend *Priam* fate:
To whom, compos'd, the God-like chief begun.

Lo! to thy Pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies; 750
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.

But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe, 755
The common cares that nourish life, forego.

Not thus did *Niobe*, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the *Stygian* shades; 760

These by *Apollo's* silver bow were slain,
Those, *Cynthia's* arrows stretch'd upon the plain.

V. 757. *Not thus did Niobe, &c.*] *Achilles* to comfort *Priam*, tells him a known history; which was very proper to work this effect. *Niobe* had lost all her children, *Priam* had some remaining. *Niobe's* had been nine days extended on the earth, drown'd in their blood, in the sight of their people, without any one presenting himself to inter them: *Hector* has likewise been twelve days, but in the midst of his agonies; therefore 'tis no wonder that no one has paid him the last duties. The Gods at last interred *Niobe's* children, and the Gods likewise are concerned to procure honourable funerals for *Hector*. *Eustathius*.

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILIAD. 163

So was her pride chastiz'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright *Latona's* line ;
 But two the Goddess, twelve the Queen enjoy'd ; 765
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
 Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead ;
 None by to weep them, to inhumè them none ;
 (For *Jove* had turn'd the nation all to stone :) 770
 The Gods themselves at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
 Herself a rock, (for such was heav'n's high will)
 Thro' desarts wild now pours a weeping rill ;
 Where round the bed whence *Acbeläus* springs, 775
 The wat'ry Fairies dance in mazy rings.
 There high on *Sipylos* his shaggy brow,
 She stands her own sad monument of woe ;
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow. }

Such griefs, O King ! have other parents known ; 780
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
 The care of heav'n thy *Hector* has appear'd,
 Nor shall he lie unwapt, and uninterr'd ;
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
 And all the eyes of *Ilium* stream around. 785

He said, and rising, chose the victim Ewe
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.

The

The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays, 790
 And hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board *Automedon* bestow'd :
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
 And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast. 795
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest :
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
 His godlike aspect and majestic size ;
 Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage, 800
 And there the mild benevolence of age.
 Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
 (A solemn scene !) at length the father spoke.

V. 798. *The royal guest the hero eyes, &c.*] The poet omits no opportunity of praising his hero *Achilles*, and it is observable that he now commends him for his more amiable qualities : He softens the terrible idea we have conceived of him, as a warrior, with several virtues of humanity ; and the angry, vindictive soldier is become calm and compassionate. In this place he makes his very enemy admire his personage, and be astonished at his manly beauty. So that though courage be his most distinguishing character, yet *Achilles* is admirable both for the endowments of mind and body.

Ἐπεισπλάγιον. The sense of this word differs in this place from that it usually bears ; it does not imply *τραχύτης ὀφθαλμοῦ*, any reproachful asperity of language, but *ισοτήρησι ψευδὲς φῶς*, the raising of a false fear in the old man, that he might not be concerned at his being lodg'd in the outermost part of the tent ; and by this method he gives *Priam* an opportunity of going away in the morning without observation. *Eustathius*.

Permit

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S *ILIAD*. 165

Permit me now, belov'd of *Jove*! to sleep
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep: 105
 For since the day that number'd with the dead,
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,
 Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
 My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
 Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give, 810
 I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that, *Achilles* bad prepare the bed,
 With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
 Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
 And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay. 815
 Then he: Now father sleep, but sleep not here.
 Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
 Lest any *Argive* (at this hour awake,
 To ask our counsel, or our orders take).
 Approaching sudden to our open'd tent, 120
 Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.

V. 819. *To ask our council, or our orders take.*] The poet here shews the importance of *Achilles* in the army; though *Agamemnon* be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for advice: and thus he promises *Priam* a cessation of arms for several days, purely by his own authority. The method that *Achilles* took to confirm the truth of the cessation, agrees with the custom which we use at this day, he gave him his hand upon it.

——— χαῖρα γέροντες
 "Ἐλλαβε δὲ ξέλεπν". *Eustathius*.

Should

166 HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXIV.

Should such report thy honour'd person here;
 The King of men the ransom might defer;
 But say with speed, if ought of thy desire
 Remains unask'd; what time the rites require 825
 T' interr thy *Hero*? For, so long we stay
 Our slaught'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit (the Monarch said)
 To finish all due honours to the dead,
 This, of thy grace accord: To thee are known 830
 The fears of *Helen*, clos'd within her town,
 And at what distance from our walls aspire
 The hills of *Ida*, and forests for the fire.
 Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
 The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast: 835
 The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;
 The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!

This thy request (reply'd the chief) enjoy:
 Till then, our arms suspend the fall of *Troy*.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent 840
 The old Man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
 Where fair *Brisis* bright in blooming charms
 Expects her Hero with desiring arms.
 But in the porch the King and Herald rest;
 Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast. 845
 Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
 Industrious *Hermes* only was awake,

The

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILLAD. 167

The King's return revolving in his mind,
 To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
 The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head: 850
 And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said)
 Now dost thou sleep, when *Hector* is restor'd?
 Nor fear the *Grecians* foes, or *Grecian* Lord?
 Thy presence here shou'd stern *Atrides* see,
 Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee, 855
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
 To spare thy age; and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling Sire arose,
 And rais'd his friend: The God before him goes.
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand, 860
 And moves in silence thro' the hostile land.
 When now to *Xanthus*' yellow stream they drove,
 (*Xanthus*, immortal progeny of *Jove*)
 The winged deity forsook their view,
 And in a moment to *Olympus* flew. 865
 Now shed *Aurora* round her saffron ray,
 Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:
 Charg'd with their mournful load, to *Ilium* go
 The Sage and King, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from *Ilium*'s spire, 870
 The sad procession of her hoary sire,
 Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,
 Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier:

A show'r

A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all *Iliou* with her cries. 875

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of *Troy* !
If e'er ye rush'd in crouds, with vast delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead ; and let your sorrows flow ! 880
Your common triumph, and your common woe.

In thronging crouds they issue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains,
In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,
And *Troy* sends forth one universal groan. 885

At *Scæa*'s gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantick with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair :
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay ; 890
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day ;

But god-like *Priam* from the chariot rose ;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead. 895

The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide ;
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait :
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.

A melancholy

A melancholy choir attend around, 900
 With plaintive sighs, and musick's solemn sound:
 Alternately they sing, alternate flow
 Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
 While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
 And Nature speaks at ev'ry pause of Art. 905

First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
 Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
 And oh my *Hector*! Oh my Lord! she cries,
 Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!

V. 900. *A melancholy choir, &c.*] This was a custom generally received, and which passed from the *Hebrews* to the *Greeks*, *Romans*, and *Asiatics*. There were weepers by profession, of both sexes, who sung doleful tunes round the dead. *Ecclesiasticus* chap. xii. v. 5. *When a man shall go into the house of his eternity, there shall encompass him Weepers.* It appears from *St. Matthew* xi. 7. that children were likewise employed in this office. *Dacier*.

V. 906, &c. *The lamentations over Hector.*] The poet judiciously makes *Priam* to be silent in this general lamentation; he has already borne a sufficient share in these sorrows, in the tent of *Achilles*, and said what grief can dictate to a father and a king upon such a melancholy subject. But he introduces three women as chief mourners, and speaks only in general of the lamentation of the men of *Troy*, an excess of sorrow being unmanly: Whereas these women might with decency indulge themselves in all the lamentation that fondness and grief could suggest. The wife, the mother of *Hector*, and *Helen*, are the three persons introduced; and tho' they all mourn upon the same occasion, yet their lamentations are so different, that not a sentence that is spoken by the one, could be made use of by the other: *Andromache* speaks like a tender wife, *Hecuba* like a fond mother, and *Helen* mourns with sorrow rising from self-accusation: *Andromache* commends his bravery, *Hecuba* his manly beauty, and *Helen* his gentleness and humanity.

Homer is very concise in describing the funeral of *Hector*, which was but a necessary piece of conduct, after he had been so full in that of *Patroclus*.

170 HOMER'S *ILIAD*, BOOK XXIV.

Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone ! 910

And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !

As only son, once comfort of our pains,

Sad product now of hapless love remains !

Never to manly age that son shall rise,

Or with encreasing graces glad my eyes : 915

For *Ilium* now (her great defender slain)

Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.

Who now protects her wives with guardian care ?

Who saves her infants from the rage of war ?

New hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er, 920

(Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore !

Thou too my son ! to barb'rous climes shalt go,

The sad companion of thy mother's woe ;

Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword ;

Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman Lord. 925

Or else some *Greek* whose father press the plain,

Or son, or brother, by great *Hector* slain,

In *Hector's* blood his vengeance shall enjoy,

And hurl the headlong from the tow'rs of *Troy*.

For thy stern father never spar'd a foe : 930

Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe !

Thence, many evils his sad parents bore,

His parents many, but his comfort more.

Why

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILIAD. 171

Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand ?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command ? 935

Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear ;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there !

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan ; 940
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful Mother next sustains her part.
O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart !
Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,
And by th'immortals ev'n in death belov'd ! 945

While all my other sons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign hands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost
Free, and a Hero to the Strygian coast,
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom, 950
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,

V. 934. *Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand ?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command ?*

I have taken these two lines from Mr. Congreve, whose translation of this part was one of his first essays in poetry. He has very justly rendered the sense of *ἄνθρωπος ἄνθρωπος, dictum prudens*, which is meant of the words of a dying man, or one in some dangerous exigence ; at which times what is spoken is usually something of the utmost importance, and delivered with the utmost care : Which is the true signification of the epithet *ἄνθρωπος* in this place.

172 HOMER'S ILIAD. BOOK XXIV.

(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain)
 Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,
 No mark of pain, or violence of face; 955
 Rosy and fair! as *Phæbus*' silver bow
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below.

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
 Sad *Helen* next in pomp of grief appears:
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes 960
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.

Ah dearest friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
 Since *Paris* brought me to the *Trojan* shore; 965

(Oh had I perish'd, e'er that form divine
 Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
 Yet it was ne'er my fate, from thee to find
 A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:

When others curst the authress of their woe, 970
 Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:

If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain. }

For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee, 975
 The wretched source of all this misery!

BOOK XXIV. *HOMER'S ILLIAD.* 173

The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan ;
 Sad *Helen* has no friend now thou art gone !
 Thro' *Troy's* wide streets abandon'd shall I roam !
 In *Troy* deserted, as abhorr'd at home ! 980

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye :
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by ;
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows ;
 But *Priam* check'd the torrent as it rose.
 Perform, ye *Trojans* ! what the rites require, 985
 And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre ;
 Twelve days, nor foes, nor secret ambush dread ;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.

He spoke ; and at his word, the *Trojan* train
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain, 990
 Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from *Ida's* crown,
 Roll'd back the gather'd forests to the town.
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise.

But when the tenth fair morn began to shine, 995
 Forth to the pile was born the Man divine,
 And plac'd aloft : while all, with streaming eyes,
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
 Soon as *Aurora*, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn ; 1000
 Again the mournful crouds surround the pyre,
 And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire,

174 . HOMER'S ILLAD. Book XXIV.

The snowy bones his friends and brethren place
 (With tears collected) in a golden vase;
 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd, 1005
 Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
 Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
 And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead,
 (Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun.) 1010
 All *Troy* then moves to *Priam's* court again,
 A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
 Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
 And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
 Such honours *Ilium* to her Hero paid, 1015
 And peaceful slept the mighty *Hector's* shade.

The End of the ILLAD.



WE have now past through the *Iliad*, and seen the anger of *Achilles*, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: As that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of Epic poetry would not permit our Author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to *Troy* and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that *Troy* was taken soon after the death of *Hector*, by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by *Virgil* in the second book of the *Aeneis*.

Achilles fell before *Troy*, by the hand of *Paris*, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as *Hector* had prophesied at his death, lib. 22.

The unfortunate *Priam* was killed by *Pyrrhus* the son of *Achilles*.

Ajax, after the death of *Achilles*, had a contest with *Ulysses* for the armour of *Vulcan*, but being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of *Paris*, married *Deiphobus* his brother, and at the taking of *Troy* betray'd him, in order to reconcile herself to *Menelaus* her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murdered by *Aegisthus* at the instigation of *Clytemnestra* his wife, who in his absence had dishonoured his bed with *Aegisthus*.

Diomed after the fall of *Troy* was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with life from his adulterous wife *Aegiale*; but at last was received by *Daunus* in *Apulia*, and shar'd his kingdom: 'Tis uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace with his children, in *Pylos* his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to *Ithaca*, which is the subject of *Homer's Odyssey*.

I must end these notes by discharging my duty to two of my Friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as one of them is since dead: The merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from *Eusebius*, together with several excellent observations, were sent me by Mr. *Broome*: And the whole essay upon *Homer* was written upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. *Parnell*, Archdeacon of *Clogher* in *Ireland*: How very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it, (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: One who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to *Homer*: And one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to *dedicate* it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. *CONGREVE*, and of

March 25.
1729.

A. P O P E.

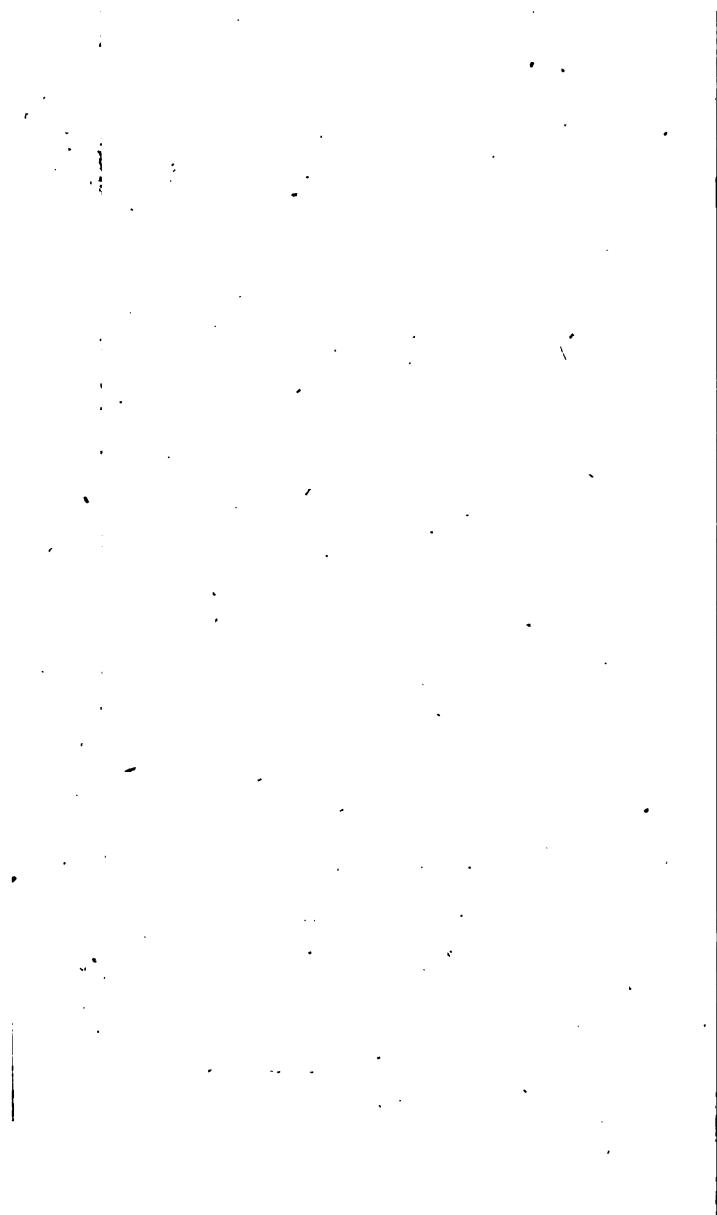
Τῶν Θεῶν δι' εὐποιῶν — τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλείονι με προέβηαι ἐν
Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδύμασι, ἐν οἷς ἵσως ἂν κατισχύθην,
εἰ ποθέμην ἑμαυτὸν εὐδὲς προϊῶτα. M. AUREL. ANTON.
de scripto, l. i. §. 14.

A N

PHRYGIA

cum
Oris Maritimis







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treacherously wounds <i>Menelaus</i>	4	135
is killed by <i>Diomed</i>	5	352
<i>PARRIS</i> boasts at the beginning of the fight	3	26
dowardly flies	3	44
blamed of <i>Hector</i>	3	55
undertakes a single combat with <i>Menelaus</i>	3	101
is armed	3	409
and fights with <i>Menelaus</i>	3	427
is taken from the combat by <i>Venus</i>	3	467
blamed by <i>Helen</i>	3	533
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refuses to restore <i>Helen</i>	7	428
wounds <i>Diomed</i>	11	482
<i>Machaon</i>	11	629
<i>Eurypylus</i>	11	709
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is called by an herald to agree to a treaty	3	319
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A
P O E T I C A L I N D E X
T O
H O M E R ' s I L I A D .

The first number marks the book, the second the verse.

F A B L E .

THE great Moral of the *Iliad*, that Concord among Governors, is the preservation of States, and Discord the ruin of them : pursued thro' the whole Fable.

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FABLE.

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CHARACTERS or MANNERS.

*Characters of the GODS of HOMER, as acting in the
Physical or Moral capacities of those Deities.*

JUPITER.

*Acting and governing all, as the supreme Being.] See the
article Theology in the next Index.*

JUNO.

*As the element of Air.] Her congress with Jupiter, or the
Æther, and production of vegetables, 14. 390, &c.
Her loud shout, the air being the cause of sound, 5. 978.
Nourish'd by Oceanus and Tethys, 14. 231.*

*As Goddess of Empire and Honour.] Stops the Greeks from
flying ignominiously, 2. 191. and in many other places.
Incites and commands Achilles to revenge the death of
his friend, 18. 203, &c. Inspires into Helen a con-
tempt of Paris, and sends Iris to call her to behold the
combat with Menelaus, 3. 185.*

APOLLO.

*As the Sun.] Causes the plague in the heat of summer, 1.
61. Raises a phantom of clouds and vapours, 5. 545.
Discovers in the morning the slaughter made the night
before, 10. 606. Recovers Hector from fainting, and
opens his eyes, 15. 280. Dazzles the eyes of the
Greeks, and shakes his Ægis in their faces, 15. 362.
Restores vigour to Glaucus, 16. 647. Preserves the
body of Sarpedon from corruption, 16. 830. And that
of Hector, 23. 230. Raises a cloud to conceal Æneas,
20. 515.*

*As Destiny.] Saves Æneas from death, 5. 441. And
Hector, 20. 513. Saves Agenor, 21. 706. Deserts
Hector when his hour is come, 22. 277.*

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As Wisdom.] He and *Minerva* inspire *Helena* to keep off the general engagement by a single combat, 7. 25. Advises *Hector* to shun encountering with *Achilles*, 20. 431.

MARS.

As mere martial courage without conduct.] Goes to the fight against the orders of *Jupiter*, 5. 726. Again provok'd to rebel against *Jupiter* by his passion, 15. 126. Is vanquished by *Minerva*, or *Conduct*, 21. 480.

MINERVA.

As martial courage with wisdom.] Joins with *Juno* in restraining the *Greeks* from flight, and inspires *Ulysses* to do it, 2. 210. Animates the army, 2. 525. Describ'd as leading a hero safe through a battel, 4. 632. Assists *Diomed* to overcome *Mars* and *Venus*, 5. 407, 1042. Overcomes them herself, 21. 480. Restrains *Mars* from rebellion against *Jupiter*, 5. 45. ——— 15. 140. Submits to *Jupiter*, 8. 40. Advises *Ulysses* to retire in time from the night expedition, 10. 593. Assists him throughout that expedition, 10. 350, &c. Discovers the ambush laid against the *Pylans* by night, and causes them to sally, 11. 851. Assists *Achilles* to conquer *Hector*, 22. 277, &c.

As Wisdom separately considered.] Suppresses *Achilles's* passion, 1. 261. Suppresses her own anger against *Jupiter*, 4. 31. Brings to pass *Jupiter's* will in contriving the breach of the truce, 4. 95. Teaches *Diomed* to discern Gods from men, and to conquer *Venus*, 5. 155, &c. Call'd the best lov'd of *Jupiter*, 8. 48. Obtains leave of *Jupiter*, that while the other Gods do not assist the *Greeks*, she may direct 'em with her counsels, 8. 45. Is again check'd by the command of *Jupiter*, and submits, 8. 560, 580. Is said to assist, or save any hero, in general through the Poem, when any act of prudence preserves him.

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P E N U S.

As the passion of Love.] Brings Paris from the fight to the embraces of Helen, and inflames the lovers, 3. 460, 530, &c. Is overcome by Minerva, or Wisdom, 5. 407. And again, 21. 500. Her Cestus or girdle, and the effects of it, 14. 247.

N E P T U N E.

As the sea.] Overturns the Grecian wall with his waves, 12. 15. Assists the Greeks at their fleet, which was drawn up at the sea-side, 13. 67. &c. Retreats at the order of Jupiter, 15. 245. Shakes the whole field of battle and sea-shore with earthquakes, 20. 77.

V U L C A N.

Or the element of Fire.] Falls from heaven to earth, 1. 761. Receiv'd in Lemnos, a place of subterraneous fires, *ibid.* His operations of various kinds, 18. 440, 468, 540. Dries up the river Xanthus, 24. 460. Assisted by the winds, 21. 390.

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N. B. The Speeches which depend upon, and flow from these several Characters are distinguished by an S.

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Furious, passionate, disdainful, and reproachful, *lib.* 1. v. 155. S. 195. S. 295. S. — 9. 405. S. 746. S. — 24. 705.

Revengeful and implacable in the highest degree, 9. 755. 765. — 16. 68. S. 121. S. — 18. 120. 125. S. — 19. 211. S. — 22. 333. S. 437. S.

Cruel, 16. 122. — 19. 395. — 21. 312. — 22. 437. S. 495. S. — 23. 30. — 24. 51. —

Superior to all men in valour, 20. 60, 437, &c. — 22. throughout.

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Constant and violent in friendship, 9. 730.—18. 30, 371.
—23. 54, 272.—24. 5.—16. 9. S. 208. S.—18. 100.
S. 380. S.—19. 335. S.—22. 482. S.—*Achilles* scarce
ever speaks without mention of his friend *Patroclus*.

ÆNEAS.

Pious to the Gods, 5. 226. S.—20. 132, 290, 345.—
Sensible, and moral, 20. 242, 293, &c. S.
Valiant, not rash, 20. 130, 240. S.—
Tender to his friend, 13. 590.

*See his character in the notes on l. 5. v. 212. and on l. 13.
v. 578.*

AGAMEMNON.

Imperious and passionate, 1. 34, 729. S.—
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